CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

APRIL 18, 1983

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Hard Times in Lotus Land

British Columbia's critical election

Back to socialism?

Portrait of a province



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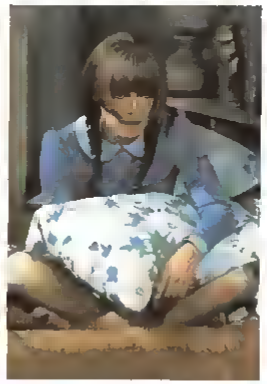
Maclean's

APRIL 18, 1983 VOL. 96 NO. 16



A close call, a happy end

Despite a few panicky hours over a runaway satellite, the maiden voyage of the shuttle Challenger ended triumphantly after a spectacular space walk. —*Page 46*



Return to Fernwood

Six years after it went off the air, the *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* series is back on television and making as much sense—or as little—as ever. —*Page 37*

COVER

Trouble in Lotus Land

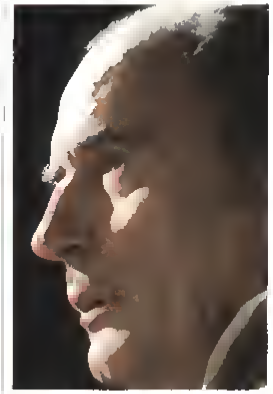
The worldwide recession has spared few places in Canada, but British Columbia has felt the fall from grace most acutely. With unemployment at more than 14 per cent and the slump lingering, the B.C. spirit seems to be wilting. Against that backdrop Premier William Bennett announced last week that British Columbia will go to the polls on May 5 —*Page 14*

COVER PHOTO BY PAUL LITTLE



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Socialism in a tailspin

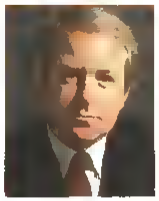
For France's Socialist government, alienating leftist supporters—and the country's inveterate vacationers—is the price of retreat from free-spending ways —*Page 26*



China's new consumerism

Emancipated at last from the purism of the Cultural Revolution, Chinese citizens have cash in their pockets and a proliferating choice of goods in the stores —*Page 10*

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



British Columbia's NDP leader, Dave Barrett, reputedly was the first to label British Columbia as Canada's Lotus Land. For most of us, shivering in the lasting chill of a northern spring while daffodils bloom west of the Rockies, that appellation will always be an apt one. British Columbia conjures up images of California North, with all the connotations of free-living behavior, political and otherwise.



BY ANN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

O'Hara taking a timely look

But it is also in the region that has felt the bite of the recession most harshly. As a result, when Premier William Bennett ended months of speculation and announced that a provincial election will be held on May 5, it provided *Maclean's* with an ideal opportunity to take a timely look at how the petals have withered in Lotus Land and to examine the possibilities of another blooming.

To that end, we sent National Editor Jane O'Hara to Vancouver to co-ordinate coverage of the story, which begins on page 14. O'Hara, 31, who was the top-ranked Canadian women's tennis professional before beginning her journalism career, worked closely with the magazine's Vancouver bureau chief, Malcolm Gray, to prepare the cover package. She also called on veteran *Vancouver Sun* columnist Marjorie Nichols, Allan Fotheringham and my predecessor, Peter C. Newman, to provide profiles, columns and insights for the story. Said O'Hara: "The first newspaper story I ever wrote was for the sports section of *The Toronto Sun*. It was about how I lost a match against the Australian Wimbledon champion, Margaret Court. For this cover story, however, I could count on others to carry the game, and they did it well." She is still a fine player—and a great coach.

Kevin Doyle

Maclean's April 18, 1983

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Kevin Doyle

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GAS BARBECUES BY shepherd

Bambi's kin

Concerning your article *One Last Fling on the Floes?* (Canada, March 14), I must strenuously object to the word conservationist being used to describe the groups aligned against the seal hunt. Conservationists know the value of trapping and hunting as tools in the management of a renewable natural resource—wildlife. These people are more properly labelled as preservationists. Their limited knowledge of wildlife is founded in the myths created by *Bambi* and other fairy tales. One happy result of the end of the hunt: the major source of revenue for these pseudonaturalist fanatics is also gone. —DEAN PURCELL, *North Bay, Ont.*

A special sense of outrage

The March 28 letter to the editor entitled *Assam vs. Sabra and Shatila* cannot be left unanswered. The writer goes far afield in his attempt to minimize the massacre of innocent civilians during and after the invasion of Lebanon. The number of civilian dead, according to the most reliable source, stands at more than 14,000. There is a profound difference between the massacres by a crazed local populace in India and those of a calculating government. —J. J. ARMIN, *Toronto*

In a letter published in *Maclean's* (March 28) a writer bemoans the fact that there was less outrage expressed in the West over the massacres in Assam than over the massacres at Shatila and Sabra. He accuses people of applying a double standard to Israel but fails to recognize that the West has a special responsibility for Israel that it does not have, say, in the case of India. Israel is an artificial creation that was imposed on Palestine (and the Palestinians) by a Western-dominated UN after the Second World War. Precisely because of that fact, it could never have survived over the years without the billions of dollars in aid that it has been given by Western governments, notably that of the United States. Additional billions of dollars have also been raised in North America by various Zionist groups. I, for one, think it quite appropriate that the Western public should feel a special sense of outrage when their creation runs amok. —MICHAEL P. CARROLL, *London, Ont.*



Restraining angry sealer, fanatics?

The brutality of the pen

Your Feb. 7 allegations about my behavior at the Progressive Conservative convention in Winnipeg are not only improbable but impossible (*Living up to the Tory Syndrome*, Cover). I have spent 30 years as a professional working with people and have never, and I will never, threaten young people, or old people, with physical violence. Perhaps someday someone in your organization might have enough journalistic pride left to phone your sources and ask some specific questions: was the *Maclean's* version of their comments reported accurately? Did anyone feel threatened by me at any time? Did these alleged threats in any way relate to voting for Mr. Clark in Winnipeg? Quite frankly, I believe that you do Joe Clark, our next prime minister, a tremendous injustice when you use your pen incorrectly to suggest that he surrounds himself with parliamentarians who act like thugs. The only brutality is in your pen, not in his behavior or in mine. —JIM HAWKES, *MP, Calgary West, Ottawa*

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DIED: Silent-movie queen and outrageous autobiographer **Gloria Swanson**, 84, of a heart ailment, in a New York City hospital. The tiny glamor girl began her Hollywood career as a **Mack Sennett** bathing beauty in 1916. She went on to play vamps until the mid-1930s. In a 1950 comeback Swanson was nominated for an Oscar for her performance as Norma Desmond, the fading and desperate movie star in the coldly brilliant *Sunset Boulevard*. Her 1980 autobiography, *Swanson on Swanson*, created an uproar with its detailed account of her onetime liaison with **Joseph Kennedy**, the patriarch of the powerful Kennedy family.

ASYLUM GRANTED: To Chinese tennis star **Hu Na**, 19, once the pride of her country, by the United States, eight months after she defected while in California for an international tournament. In retaliation China has cancelled cultural exchanges until the end of 1983 and has accused the United States and Taiwan of orchestrating the defection.

DIED: Salvadoran guerrilla leader **Melida Amaya Montes**, 54, after assassins stabbed her 82 times, slit her throat and shot her in the heart, at her home near the Nicaraguan capital of Managua. Amaya Montes, known as Commandante Ana Maria, was second-in-command of the Popular Liberation Forces, one of five guerrilla groups fighting the U.S.-backed Salvadoran government.

DIED: **Richard O'Brien**, 65, a character actor who played nearly 200 roles during a 50-year career, of cancer, in his Los Angeles home. O'Brien specialized in roles as policemen, priests and politicians in such films as *Get Patty Hearst*, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *The Andromeda Strain*. He also appeared as a regular on television in *General Hospital* and the long-defunct *Gunsmoke*.

RETIRING: **Gordon Robertson**, 65, a career civil servant and former clerk of the Privy Council (1963-1974), from his position as president of the nonpartisan scholarly Institute for Research on Public Policy in Ottawa when his seven-year term expires in March, 1984. Robertson has served as a constitutional adviser to prime ministers from the time of **Louis St. Laurent** to **Pierre Trudeau**.

MARRIED: **Andy Griffith**, 56, the actor best known for his portrayal of the kindly Sheriff Andy Taylor on *The Andy Griffith Show* (1960-1968) and actress **Cindi Knight**, 27, he for the third time, she for the first, on April 2, in Mateo, N.C.

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Métis' case buried in Ontario

Regarding *A Confrontation on the White Man's Turf* (Native Peoples, March 21) Ontario Premier William Davis is being touted as "sympathetic to native rights" at the recent First Ministers' Conference. The Métis people of Moose Factory might be a little more cynical about the province's so-called respect. In 1905 about 50 Métis, employees of the Hudson's Bay Co. or its rival, Revillon Frères, were arbitrarily excluded from Treaty 9 on the grounds that they were "not living the Indian mode of life." They immediately petitioned the government to reconsider. Seventy-eight years later Métis in Moose Factory are still waiting for a reply from the Ontario government. I would hardly characterise this as sympathetic to native rights.

—JOHN S. LONG
Moosonee, Ont.

No Bluenosers in P.E.I.

Peter C. Newman may be the definitive authority on Canadian blue bloods, but your *Business Watch* headline writer (*A Blue Blood and the Bluenosers*, March 21) does not know much about P.E. Islanders. P.E. Islanders have been called many things, but Bluenosers is simply not accurate. Bluenosers are their neighbors, the Nova Scotians.

—LARRY MCINNIS,
Montreal

Mulroney: proven track record?

Despite your buildup of Brian Mulroney in *Mulroney Beats the Bell* (Canada, March 21) and his obvious good looks, Hollywood actor's voice and personality, when Canadians hire a man for a job, they want to see a record of his performance. If all Mulroney has to offer is the debacle at the Iron Ore Co. of Canada and the shutdown of the entire town of Schefferville, Que., then I for one do not want to see a repeat performance with my country.

—E.J. MILLER
Cavendish, P.E.I.

Paving the way for Marxism

As a Catholic, I was not surprised when Barbara Amiel wrote *The Dangers of Blind Flirtation* (March 14) to explain her column about *How Churches Go Astray* (Feb. 14). I am afraid that it will take more than her second article, though, to convince the naïve and the uninformed that certain Catholic bishops and other Christian leaders have become enemies of our democratic way of life to the extent that they are attempting to make smooth the path of Marxist communism into Canada.

There was nothing new in the Catholic church's concern for the poor in the bishops' paper on economic conditions in Canada. What was new was the blatant promotion of Latin America's Marxist bankruptcies, poverty and upheaval as models for Canada. Amiel is one of the most honest, knowledgeable journalists in Canada. She speaks for all those who love this free country.

—MARGARET E. MACKINNON,
Port Rowan, Ont.

Divorce: a social revolution

It is surprising that your writers on divorce (*Coming to Terms With Divorce*, Cover, March 21) managed to cover six pages on the subject without once mentioning the feminist movement. Rising divorce rates are only one symptom of the social revolution currently under way. Others might include the falling birth rate, more single-parent families headed by men, fewer marriages and growing political activism by women.

—JANICE J. TAIT
Ottawa

Reinforcing the positive

Your *Advertising* article *A Soft Pitch Against Pot* (March 14) misses the point of the "stay real" television campaign that we did for the federal government. It is not directed against users or "street tough" kids. If it were, it would have been called "get real." The stay-real campaign offers an attractive, positive image of reinforcement to teens who are subject to peer pressure involving drugs. It does not try to sell them off drugs as much as make it okay for them not to have to use them. There are many articles in the literature demonstrating the inefficacy of the tombstone and body-on-the-road approach to substance abuse. In the case of cigarette advertising, for example, advertisements showing diseased lungs actually increased smoking among heavy users through stress. Television advertising can reinforce the positive feelings teens have about themselves. And if the images strike a responsive note, they are hardly *soft* in their sell. The "ingressive" approach has worked admirably for long distance and milk advertising. There is no reason why it cannot provide positive reinforcement for teens subject to peer pressure.

—GRAHAM WATT
President,
Watt Burt Advertising Inc.
Montreal

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FOLLOW-UP

Taking defeat in stride

By Dale Eisler

These are times of lonely frustration for Allan Blakeney, but he masks his feelings well. From his modest legislature office—with its view of the rear parking lot—the former Saskatchewan premier talks, with an almost disarming lack of remorse, about his government's crushing defeat in the April 26, 1982, provincial election. The painful psychological adjustment in making the transition from premier to Opposition leader appears complete. Now, when Blakeney, 57, muses about the fall of his 11-year-old NDP government, it is in a detached tone of analysis and logical rationalization. An election that some political pundits believed was going to be an almost ceremonial acclamation to another four-year term turned into a wrenching debacle that still has the Saskatchewan New Democrats groping for their bearings. The magnitude of the defeat haunts Blakeney every time he takes his place in the legislature as leader of an eight-member Opposition to face the 56-seat Conservative government of Premier Grant Devine.

Questions about leadership have been an integral part of the catharsis that shook his party after the election. Still, Blakeney has successfully navigated the troubled waters. As the first anniversary of the "Monday Night Massacre" approached, he remained the unchallenged leader, his personal grip on the NDP still strong. Said party President Delaine Scotton: "Basically, the party is more united month by month. While people realize that the question of leadership may have to be addressed at a later date, the party has been able to collect and organize itself so the decision can be based on politics and not emotion."

Allan Blakeney still carries the emotional baggage of knowing where mistakes have been made

Still, for Blakeney, there have been periods of personal despair, although he says that he has been unable to "chart" the psychological phases that he has gone through since the routing at the polls. "My first reaction was deep disappointment," he says. "But I never felt very resentful of the defeat because I had drilled into myself one of the facts of politics. While everyone in government feels they are working hard and doing their best, it is not always accepted by the public." He added: "In politics you know you are going to be defeated. You just do not know when."

Blakeney still carries the emotional baggage of knowing where the critical mistakes were made. He concedes that the role he played in the laborious constitutional talks may have given him a national profile, but that time-consuming involvement insidiously undermined his government's political support at home. It was Saskatchewan's legal position calling for consensus instead of unanimity as the basis for constitutional change that was accepted by the Supreme Court of Canada in September, 1981, and that ultimately triggered the final round of constitutional talks. But that position also took a heavy political toll. By arguing for consensus, Blakeney did not fall into line with the other seven provinces (Ontario and New Brunswick supported Ottawa) opposing the federal position on the Constitution. Apparently, the voters' perception was that Blakeney was allied with Trudeau, and they showed their displeasure on election day. "The whole preoccupation with the Constitution consumed time that may have been better spent getting in tune with the Saskatchewan people," Blakeney acknowledged.

William Knight, the former NDP central campaign chairman who now serves in Ottawa as chief of staff to federal NDP Leader Ed Broadbent, shouldered much of the blame for an ineffectual campaign that failed to address pocketbook issues raised by the Tories. During the past year, Knight, 35, notes that he has observed in Blakeney a surprising resilience, considering how far the NDP leader has fallen since his days as one of the highest-profile premiers in the nation. "Frankly, I'm surprised at how well he has adjusted," said Knight. "I actually thought it would be very difficult for him because of the small caucus he was left with. But Blakeney has always been able to focus his mind on the job at hand."

Ironically, Blakeney's hold on the leadership is in part a result of the magnitude of the party's loss. Only two of his former cabinet ministers survived the Conservative sweep, which means that there are no clear leadership alternatives. And Blakeney says that there has been no chorus of voices in the party calling for his head. "The party was in a state of shock, but there has been no ground swell for a change of leader, and, accordingly, I thought the question should be deferred," he says. Disgruntlement with Blakeney has been fragmented and largely muted. Apart from the resignation in February of former provincial party treasurer Ralph Smith from the executive because of his concern about the NDP's direction, the subject of Blakeney's future has yet to emerge in public debate.

With his position at the moment free from attack, Blakeney has been able to spend his time building the coalition that he believes the NDP needs to challenge the Conservatives. In fact, for the party, the transformation from the role of government to Opposition has not been all agony. Argued Blakeney: "It does not present a great difficulty for us as it would for the Liberal party, because the Liberal party exists for being in power and nothing more. Our party has a whole lot of people, more content in Opposition, who take well to challenging the establishment."

It is a transition that Blakeney, whose salary dropped to $26,979 from $35,863, appears to have made deftly. Roy Romanow, 44, for 11 years deputy premier and attorney general under Blakeney, lost his seat in the election. He, for one, does not believe that his former boss is a spent political force. Said Romanow: "I think he is back on stream. The distinct impression is that he is now comfortable with his new position." For his part, the former premier has carried his penchant for detail into his role as Opposition leader. In the legislature he is characteristically thorough and occasionally fiery—particularly on issues of human rights and unemployment—in his attacks on the government. Blakeney does not seem to mind his new function. Says he: "I never was one to worry much about the glory of being premier." He now finds more time to spend at his Regina home with his wife, Anne, 55, and to indulge his passion for mystery novels. But Blakeney, a lawyer, says he is not contemplating a change of career. Says he: "I still find politics to be a worthwhile occupation, so whatever the cards turn up, they turn up." ◇

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At last there's a bread so sinfully delicious you're glad it's also good for you.

A showcase of consumer emancipation

By Daniel Burstein



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIE O'CONNOR

Bold use of billboards; underwear display (below); home permanents and polka dots

There is a store display along Peking's Wangfuging Street that never fails to attract passers-by. A window topped by a purple canopy inscribed with white letters that spell out "Seiko" showcases the latest in designer timepieces. A decade ago such a store would have had its windows smashed by zealots of Mao's Cultural Revolution in a matter of minutes. Now, however, a steady stream of Chinese customers, many of them still Mao-suited, delight in the early flush of a consumer revolution by buying their first watch. Emancipated from the purism of the Cultural Revolution, more and more Chinese citizens finally have cash in their pockets and a proliferating choice of goods in the stores.

Figures for 1982 show that China's domestic output of television sets reached close to four million, while washing machines topped one million. Although both statistics are minuscule compared to China's 200 million households, they represent a 600-per-cent increase in production since 1978—the year before Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping and his brain trust took over the leadership of the Communist Party and began implementing their pragmatic economic reforms. Eighty per cent of the 20 million black-and-white TV sets ($800 each) now in use have been bought since 1980.



Currently, the "three big pieces" (television, refrigerator and new bedroom set) supplant the "three little pieces" of the past (watch, radio and sewing machine) as the consumer goal of every family. Although many homes do not yet have their three big pieces, it is not always because of a lack of cash. Many who could now buy black-and-white televisions prefer to wait until they can afford a color one or until a relative brings one from Hong Kong as a gift. Notes Zhu Xinzhen, an economist who estimates that city dwellers have an average bank savings of 371 yuan ($227): "In other times people would be emptying their bank accounts to buy new products for fear they would not last. But now people are confident the new policies will last and they prefer to wait for still better-quality items at lower prices." The state's population-control program is also putting more purchasing power into the hands of young urban couples with fewer dependants to feed than preceding generations.

China has not become a consumer paradise by Western standards. No private individual owns a car. The country still faces severe shortages of many necessities, such as meat, sugar and cotton. The kinds of consumer choices that have evolved in the big cities are still unthinkable in large parts of the countryside. But compared to the recent past, when diversity of goods and personal conveniences was considered synonymous with evil, China has developed its economy at a rapid pace. In January, Peking opened its first "supermarket," which stocks some 265 items. Compared to a Canadian supermarket, with 12,000 products, it hardly seems super. Yet to the average Chinese, who has spent a lifetime queuing first for cabbage in one shop then for turnips in another, it is a temple of modernity.

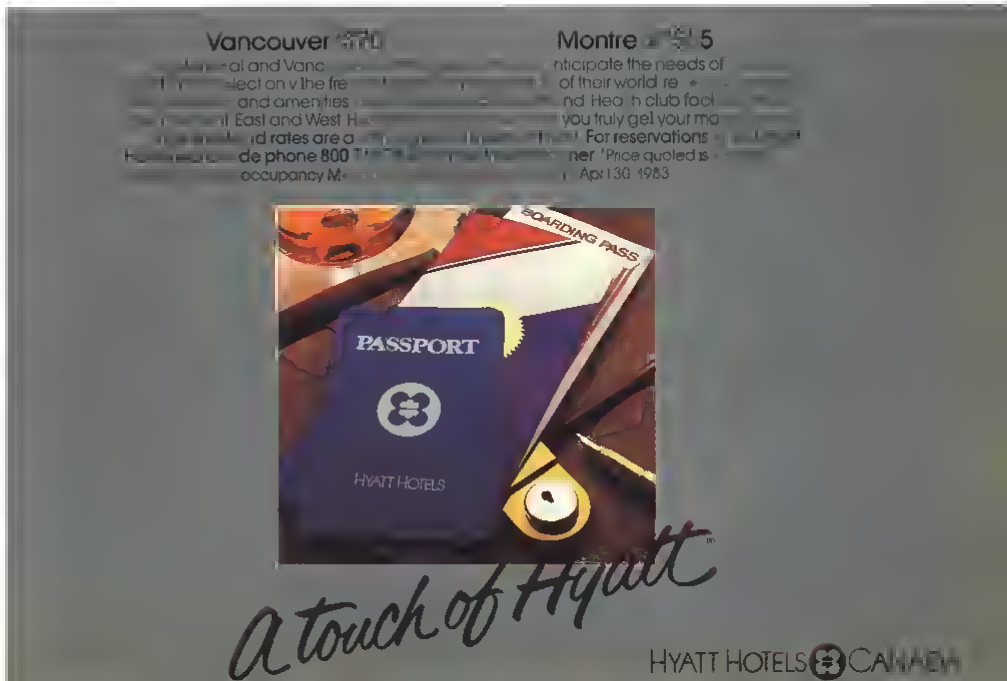
Pay phones, ice-cream parlors, taxis and stores selling women's underwear have all recently made their debut on the Chinese scene. "Free markets" have cropped up—on specified days of the week peasants sell high-quality produce and handicrafts directly to the urban consumer instead of to the bureaucratic state distribution machinery. Although cotton goods are still rationed, a far greater variety is now available. Sunglasses, polka-dot prints and home permanents have become commonplace among the youth of such big cities as Peking, Shanghai and Canton, often giving those areas the appearance of a 1950s North American high school campus. Advertising reappeared in 1981, and now billboards dominate major intersections.

For the first time in their lives Chinese factory managers are concentrating on marketing techniques. Before the 1979 economic reforms, central planners set factory production quotas. They also arranged for 100 per cent of the output to be presold. Explains Pan Cheng-heh, deputy director of a recently formed organization of factory managers: "Profits made by the factory were taken by the state, and any losses were subsidized. Given those circumstances, it is no surprise that managers never thought about marketing." Now, however, Chinese economists are experimenting with a system that allows central planning to define broad parameters of operations yet allows individual factories, farms and stores to keep a significant measure of the profits they generate.

In January nearly 400 shops in Peking adopted the so-called "responsibility system" under which pay is directly related to performance. Government officials hope that by 1985, 72,000 restaurants, hotels, barbershops, bathhouses and tailors will be on stream with the new system. With their losses no longer subsidized and the profit-sharing principle established, Chinese managers are in a rush to learn all they can about marketing, advertising, market research, quality control, inventory control and a host of other long-neglected skills. At the northeast coastal town of Dalian, 500 km from Peking, the Chinese and U.S. governments set up a cooperative school to offer mid-career Chinese managers a condensed version of a master's program in business administration. Said Richard H. Holton, a professor at Berkeley's School of Business Administration who served as dean at the Dalian project in 1981-82: "Chinese managers have become fascinated with forecasting, marketing, learning how to develop a sales force and how to assess customer needs. We are starting to see factory representatives actually working behind the counter in department stores to test consumer reaction. It is a crude form of market research, but that is exactly what it is."

Although domestic travel was a rarity until recently, Chinese are becoming tourists in their own country. Honeymooners take advantage of special package deals for newlyweds and flock to romantic spots like the famous gardens of Hangzhou and Suzhou near Shanghai. When the personal travel phenomenon began in 1980 it was the bane of the Chinese housewife's existence. Relatives would show up unannounced to be fed and housed. But there is now a network of low-priced hotels in the big cities. As for feeding the relatives, a new innovation is enjoying great popularity—Chinese take-out food.

The incipient consumer revolution has remedied glaring shortages of necessities and provided a small measure



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of convenience to the drudgery of daily life. But some Chinese leaders are concerned that the improvements may produce undesirable effects. Officials worry that young people, who are coming of age in a time of plenty, may be too flabby to cope with the sacrifices that would be demanded if China should fall victim to bad harvests, natural disasters, a pullout of its new Western investors—or a new war. Chinese leaders, aware of what has happened elsewhere in the Third World, know that expectations tend to rise more rapidly than governments can meet them. As a result they are trying to temper the drive toward personal prosperity with renewed propaganda to emphasize the "spiritual" aspects of socialism and a critique of decadence in Western societies. There is also concern that the old guard of leftists—most of whom have been politically banished but some of whom remain in the wings of power—will capitalize on the negative effects of China's new materialism to argue for a return to the political straitjacket of the past.

Indeed, there are already negative side effects. Prostitution, gambling and street begging have re-emerged. In January two prominent cases of economic crimes were resolved by the execution of the individuals involved—an accountant who had embezzled $300,000 from the bank where he worked and a Guangdong man who brokered exit visas for people who wanted to go to nearby Hong Kong. Last July a vice-minister of the chemical industry was stripped of his position after authorities discovered that he was involved in illegal dealings with Hong Kong businessmen. Declared Zhao Fusan, one of China's best-known social scientists: "We have to face the fact that affluence does not mean happiness." Added Pan Cheng-lieh: "If the meaning of life is to get a TV, what do you do after you have one?"

Ideally, China's leaders want to raise the standard of material life but still maintain the political dedication and spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized the past. They do not fear that Western social problems will take hold on a mass scale because they do not expect to obtain anything close to Western standards of living, even with their campaign to modernize Chinese industry, agriculture, science and defence, by the year 2000. Said Ji Pengfei, one of China's senior statesmen: "Today our per capita annual income is about $200. Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping has said that maybe we could reach the figure of $1,000 per person by the year 2000. Of course, that is not really very affluent." Still, he added, "Considering that we have a population of one billion, it would really be miraculous if we could achieve it."

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FOLLOW-UP

An old boy of summer

When baseball players were known for their statistics, not their salaries, Los Angeles Dodger left-hander Sandy Koufax amassed impressive numbers in both areas. He won 165 games in a career that extended from 1955 to 1966, notched up 2,396 strikeouts, four no-hitters—including a perfect game against the Chicago Cubs on Sept. 9, 1965—40 shutouts and won three Cy Young Awards as the game's best pitcher. When Koufax and teammate Don Drysdale staged a 32-day salary holdout in 1966, the Dodgers made the men the first hurlers ever to earn more than $100,000 a year. But for all his $130,000 paycheque, a painful arthritic elbow forced Koufax into retirement at the end of that season. Although the affliction drove him from active sports, Koufax, 47, emerged from his self-imposed

For pitching great Sandy Koufax, spring training brings no desire to blaze his fastball over the plate

exile and is currently a pitching instructor at the Dodger training camp in Vero Beach, Fla.

Since the pitching great hung up his glove in 1966, he and his wife, Anne, 37, daughter of actor Richard Widmark, have pursued anonymity with the same zeal that some athletes reserve for beer commercials. Said Koufax, so publicity-shy that one writer once described him as "baseball's Greta Garbo": "I feel very strongly that my private life is my own." For most of the year Koufax is, as Drysdale puts it, content to "watch 10 toes curling," except for the three weeks he spends at training camp. There he draws raves from Dodger manager Tom Lasorda. "Would I like to see him back in the lineup?" he said. "I would love it." For Koufax, who claims that "the economy" forced him to go back to work, spring training does not evoke a desire to blaze his legendary fastball over the plate. With chilly finality he brushes aside nostalgia: "I do not play baseball anymore."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER in *New York.*

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Q&A: ANDRE MAYER

At the heart of madness

On the evening of July 17, 1974, Charles Decker, 23, from Massachusetts, picked up two hitchhiking girls for a joyride in his convertible. The carefree mood was soon shattered when the man unaccountably attacked the girls with a stonemason's hammer, fracturing their skulls. Then, just as abruptly, he drove them to safety and turned himself in to the police. (He was dubbed the Crocodile Man because of a brain dysfunction that caused him to react to his environment with the unsavy viciousness of a crocodile.) At his trial two years later he successfully pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. In a novel defence his lawyer argued that he suffered from a rare dysfunction of the limbic (lower brain) system, which, under certain circumstances, caused him to act with uncontrollable violence. Drawing on recent and only partially understood discoveries about the chemistry of the brain, an expert medical witness attributed his criminal insanity to physical causes rather than traditional psychological ones. Although the trial attracted little publicity, historian André Mayer and law professor Michael Wheeler argue in their book, The Crocodile Man, *that the court's decision could have broader implications for the insanity defence than more celebrated cases, like that of President Ronald Reagan's assailant, John Hinckley Jr., for instance. Mayer, 36, explained his theories to* Maclean's *senior writer Gillian MacKay, who met with the author in Boston.*

Psychiatrists had diagnosed a necrophiliac cannibal from Texas as having an antisocial personality

Maclean's: *One of the big criticisms of the insanity defence is that it has not been applied consistently. For instance, Arthur Bremer, who shot George Wallace in 1972, had much in common with John Hinckley Jr., who shot President Reagan, yet it took a jury only 90 minutes to reject Bremer's insanity plea and find him guilty.*

Mayer: You can see that there was a direct class advantage in the Hinckley-Bremer contrast. Bremer was a ne'er-do-well from a marginal background. Hinckley is the son of wealthy, socially prominent parents. I think it was easier to look at Hinckley and say that his crime must be an aberration. Also, of course, his parents spent half a million dollars on his defence.

Maclean's: *How important is money?*

Mayer: The amount of money you can lay out makes a big difference. One of the interesting points arising out of the Crocodile Man case is that the physiological defences are even more expensive than traditional psychiatric ones, and therefore even less accessible. Any laboratory test or anything involving a neurosurgeon is going to be a lot more expensive than using a psychiatrist. Psychiatry is one of the cheapest branches of medicine.

Maclean's: *How about Patty Hearst, who pleaded insanity but was found guilty?*

Mayer: In the Patty Hearst case there



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was widespread feeling within the California legal community that she should not have been tried at all because she was acting under duress at the time of the bank robbery, etc. However, it seems that the district attorney was under tremendous political pressure to prosecute her. I do not know if we have had a trial in the past 100 years as political in all of its aspects as that case. Her kidnapping by the Symbionese Liberation Army was a political act, and her crimes had a political dimension. When she came to trial a lot of radicals were predicting that she would get off because she was rich, whereas her poor, black cohorts would be sent to prison. Others were particularly bothered by the spectre of the children of the rich turning against the system. So, it was political all the way. I think she probably should not have been tried. Her situation was an extension of the Stockholm syndrome* in which people who are held hostage come to identify very strongly with their captors. It seems to me that Patty Hearst had been held prisoner for so long and subjected to such abuse that it is very hard to say with any assurance that she was acting of her own free will, even when she was standing in the bank with a gun.

*Named after an August, 1973 bank-hostage incident in Sweden when a female bank teller fell in love with one of her male captors.

Maclean's: *The John Hinckley Jr. trial was also highly political in that he attempted to kill President Reagan, and yet he was acquitted on grounds of insanity. How do you explain that?*

Mayer: In the Hinckley trial the strength of the defence case is indicated by the fact that they got an acquittal, even though the jury very clearly knew that there was going to be a great public outcry against it. I think the key to Hinckley's success was that the jury felt that if he had received better psychiatric care, he would not have done it. They were probably very much affected by the fact that the psychiatrist had advised his parents to keep him out of the house, and so on. I suppose one perfectly valid definition of insanity is would this person have committed the crime if he had received adequate care? In this case the jury undoubtedly felt that the psychiatrist had made a terrible mistake.

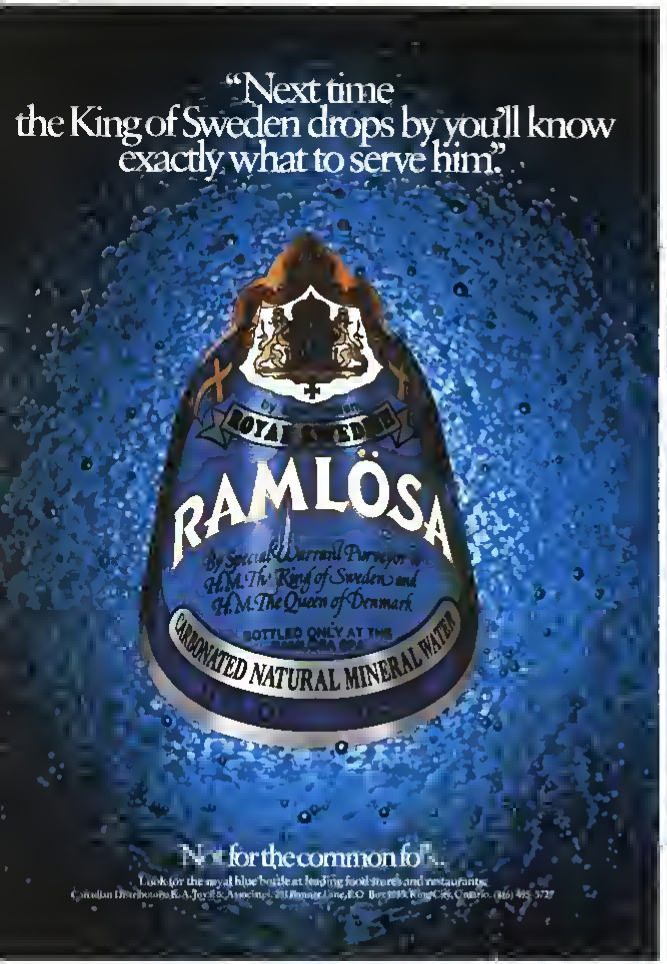
Maclean's: *You speculate that physiological explanations of criminal insanity will become more common in the courtroom. Why?*

Mayer: Because of the rapid breakthroughs now being made in our understanding of how the brain works, particularly its biochemistry. In understanding insanity, we have seen the pendulum swing very far to both sides—to the physical side in the 19th century, to the psychological side in the 20th century. Now a sort of equilibrium is being established. In our Crocodile Man case the violence was deemed to be a direct result of physical causes. For the most part, however, we are seeing an increased belief that neither physical nor psychiatric causes by themselves explain violent behavior. The growing opinion is that some individuals have physical predispositions to criminality that may or may not develop, depending on their social situation, personal experiences, and so on.

Maclean's: *So if someone has a lesion on his brain or a kink in his chromosomes, it will not necessarily absolve him of responsibility for his actions?*

Mayer: Not at all. For one thing, the scientific evidence itself is far from clear-cut. All the conflicting testimony from doctors in the Decker case shows that even relatively hard science is softer than you might think when you try to pin it down in court. And for jurors, the physiological testimony will be harder to handle than traditional psychiatric evidence because it is even more technical.

Maclean's: *Some critics of the insanity defence have called for these cases to be*



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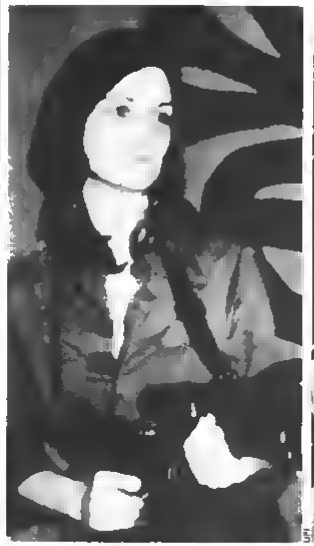
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Patty Hearst; Mayer: lobotomies most frequently performed on women and blacks

tried by expert tribunals rather than by juries because the evidence is so complex. Do you agree?

Mayer. No. We are going to have problems with increasingly complex and expensive defences that are incomprehensible to juries, and, in some cases, there may be a need for pretrial tribunals to thrash out the expert evidence in advance of the trial and present it to the jury in a clearer, more useful form. There are growing signs that the psychiatrists will be pushing for this as well. They would, for the most part, prefer an impartial nonadversary process to the present system in which experts have to be attacked on the witness stand. But the question is not, what is the physical condition of the defendant's brain? The questions are, what is his degree of responsibility for his acts, and, what must we do to protect society and the rights of the individual defendant? Flawed as it is, there is really no better mechanism than a jury to weigh all those factors.

Maclean's. *In general, those nonscientific considerations have tended to work against the insanity defence. For instance, has not all the publicity about criminals being released too quickly led juries to reject the defence?*

Mayer. There is no question about it. Even people who you could tell were stark raving mad, even if you met them at a cocktail party, are being found guilty. We mentioned in our book the case of the necrophiliac cannibal in Texas who was diagnosed by psychiatrists as having an "antisocial" personality. The jury rejected the insanity plea and found him guilty. I guess they wanted something more between him and the public than a definition of antisocial personality.

Maclean's. *Are these fears justified?*

Mayer. Yes. Nowadays people who successfully pleaded insanity are released from institutions much faster than those serving ordinary criminal sentences. In many jurisdictions there is little practical control over the criminally insane once they have been acquitted. Here in Massachusetts the mental hospital simply has to inform the district attorney that the patient is being released, and usually that is that. And there is no evidence to show that psychiatrists can tell when people who have committed violent acts have been cured. At the same time, I think the public perception is worse than the reality. When Hinckley was acquitted you had a lot of people saying that Hinckley could be walking the streets in 50 days. Of course there was never a chance in the world of that happening. But the fact that it was even theoretically possible made people more ready to feel that he got away with something. That damaged the credibility of the insanity defence, even though there is every reason to believe that Hinckley will be behind bars for many years to come.

Maclean's. *Will there now be a backlash against the insanity defence?*

Mayer. If there is another well-publicized trial involving the insanity de-

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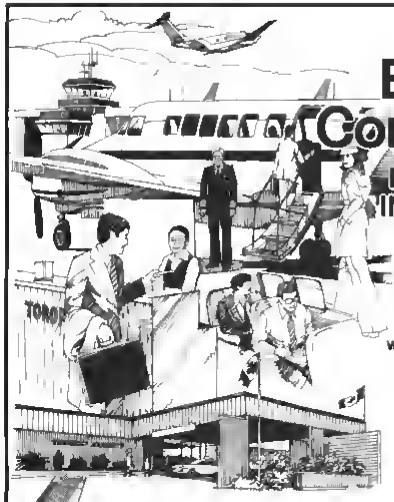


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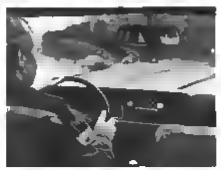
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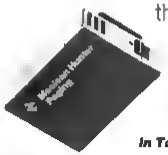


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fence soon, it will be that much harder for the jury to find the defendant insane, the judge may be much tougher, and so on.

Maclean's: *How hard is it to win these cases?*

Mayor: The insanity plea is really a plea of last resort. It is very hard to win. In California, for example, I believe that the success rate is about five per cent. In addition, there is a very serious stigma attached to being found criminally insane.

Maclean's: *Is there reason to hope that physical kinds of insanity will prove more susceptible to cure than psychological ones? If so, will juries be more willing to accept the defence?*

Mayor: Eventually there may be cures, but not at this point. In the interim, however, I think juries may be prone, however misguidedly, to consider physical insanity more curable because it is a physical problem. This may help to reverse the current trend toward rejection of the insanity defence.

Maclean's: *Is that not somewhat dangerous in itself? For example, a big factor in Charles Decker's suspended sentence was the possibility of a cure. Yet there has been no cure, and in fact he has had two minor scrapes with the police since then.*

Mayor: While he has not been cured, his violence has been more or less controlled. At any rate, he has not beaten up any more people with hammers. Even though the doctor feels that his physical condition has further deteriorated, the controls he was placed under—most importantly the ban on his drinking—have prevented a recurrence of criminal violence.

Maclean's: *Could the cures or controls themselves pose any problems? I am thinking of the psychosurgery advocated by some brain surgeons to cure behavioral deviants.*

Mayor: There is a lot of evidence to suggest that there is a real danger here. If you read about the use of lobotomy in the United States in the 1940s, it was then considered more appropriate to perform lobotomies on women and blacks because they were not about to use any of the higher mental functions anyway. Recently, however, there was a case of a man who went to court to prevent psychosurgery to alter his behavioral patterns, and he won. The principal question is that of informed consent, whether or not an individual who has been diagnosed as insane knows what he is doing when he authorizes drastic medical treatment. And we are talking about individuals who do not, on the whole, have a lot of people on their side. There are not many powerful groups or even family members who are going to take risks to defend the rights of the criminally insane ◇

COLUMN

Will Lalonde confront reality?



By Dian Cohen

One year ago, with the true unemployment rate in Canada at 10.6 per cent of the labor force (more than 1.2 million people) and with 18 per cent of the country's young people out of work, it was conventional wisdom to suggest that the obscene degree of social disfranchisement was caused by the recession. The implied, if not explicitly stated, corollary was that unemployment would quickly or gradually (depending on your political bias) subside when economic recovery came. Competition for jobs would decline, skill shortages would be the order of the day. Planners even talked of the need for Canada to reconsider its immigration policies in the face of job vacancies without takers. But now, with unemployment for the general and youth populations at 13.5 and more than 20 per cent respectively, economic forecasters routinely say that the jobless will not share in the economic recovery.

John Grant, chief economist at Wood Gundy Investments in Toronto, says that productivity is going to rise without companies having to hire many new workers. He predicts that any profits made in the next couple of years are going to be used to pay off crippling debt, not to pay additional wages. Thomas Maxwell, the chief economist of the Conference Board of Canada, goes further. He says that unemployment will rise simultaneously with employment over the next several years as discouraged workers, who are not counted among the unemployed because they have dropped out of the labor force, become sufficiently encouraged by the news of economic recovery to start looking for jobs once again.

For his part, Finance Minister Marc Lalonde echoes his leader, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in saying that it is the private sector that must create jobs. But he recently added that he is willing, presumably when he tables his budget on April 19, to start the ball rolling, "even if it means increasing the deficit somewhat."

The problem is that whether Marc Lalonde and his deputy, Marshall (Mickey) Cohen, decide to spend $2 or $10 billion on job creation, their remedy will be no more than a palliative at best, an obscene and inflationary waste of taxpayers' money at worst. The plain fact is that they give clear evidence of having backed themselves into a Catch-22 type of trap. Providing jobs by earmarking money for public works, such as the $500 million announced by the federal government last October, is mere window dressing. Within days of the declaration, it was clear that, in fact, most of the 60,000 jobs were temporary, sometimes not even full time.

Making jobs for people who would otherwise remain unemployed is accomplished by raising the level of capital investment in the economy. Capital investment is financed primarily through the retained profits (profits that have not been distributed as dividends) of corporations and through the savings of upper-income earners. That means that the government must somehow arrange to provide tax incentives both to business and to upper-income earners—a politically unpopular move, to say the least. But, to the extent that capital investment is encouraged, so is the introduction of labor-saving technology. Twenty years ago a capital expenditure of, say, $10 million could reasonably have been expected to create 2,000 jobs. During the Great Depression in the 1930s, when U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt wanted to create jobs, he provided people with shovels. But these days, given the rate of technological advance, job creation is enormously more expensive. A capital expenditure of $500 million today might create fewer than 200 jobs. Increasing capital investment greatly improves productivity and cost effectiveness, but employment improves only marginally.

> ***'What we quite clearly need is a set of policies that do more than pay lip service to the needs of the jobless'***

How then can government policies deal with the trap? Historically, there has been a solution. Rising real wages (wages discounting inflation) and a higher standard of living have, in the past, encouraged people to reduce their working hours voluntarily: the work week fell from about 65 hours in 1900 to 40 hours in the late 1940s. Although real wages have continued to rise, we, as a society, have not felt rich enough to trade off paid working hours for leisure time. The government could design policies to encourage such a steady rise in real wages that workers would voluntarily reduce the number of hours worked. But it has waited too long—technological advances and tax policies that permit companies to write off the cost of labor-saving machinery have made that option impractical. It is now cheaper to replace labor—even sophisticated labor—with machines. To get real wages to the point where the work week would start declining again would mean so great a shift in the share of national income going to wages that business people and other investors would have too little left to invest; economic activity would slow down and unemployment would rise.

If the Catch-22 really does exist and people who really do want jobs cannot find them, then it is clear that the traditional job creation programs, such as the ones we can expect in the budget, are nothing more than palliatives. And that is what has been wrong with recent economic policymaking. It has all been short-term and expedient. What we quite clearly need is a set of economic policies that does more than pay lip service to the needs of those who are out of work. But before the policies can be formulated, we need a well-defined view of the kind of economy and society that we want in five, 10 and 15 years from now.

Other countries have economic policies designed to reach their goals. Singapore, for example, actively encourages the private sector to use labor-saving devices and it has strict immigration and birth-control policies. That government can see the day when goods and services will be distributed to citizens who neither work hard nor long. West Germany and Austria have another solution. Their institutions have evolved (with the help of explicit legislation) so that the constant wrangling that goes on in Canada between business, labor and government is minimized. Half of the directors on their corporate boards are elected by labor. Co-operation is the name of the game. And the game works—unemployment and inflation have been lower in West Germany and Austria than in Canada, the rate of capital investment has been higher and so has the increase in the standard of living.

It may be too much to expect that Marc Lalonde can deal with all of that in his maiden budget. However, the tragedy for all of us is that he will most likely not deal with any of it at all.

Dian Cohen is a Montreal-based economics writer.

ESSAY

Pondering the B.C. condition

By Allan Fotheringham

The hot-tub and water-bed capital of Canada is in a state of contemplation, gazing at its economic navel. The cries of the roller skaters on the Stanley Park seawall are muted, and there is a pensive air to the nudists on Wreck Beach as they regard the sailors from foreign freighters who are regarding *them* through binoculars. British Columbia is in what passes for deep thought, wondering, like Kierkegaard, about its existence.

The province that is supposedly regarded with envy by the rest of this permanently frigid land approaches a crucial election at a time when its confidence has been shaken. Blissful Lotus Land, where the money grows on trees, has had its tambourine rattled, its bell rung, its credit rating questioned. Is there no real tinsel behind the tinsel? Does a province where the wealth simply oozed from the ground have a future on world markets when the market goes soft? The hedonist centre of the country has been forced to regard the advantages of laced shoes and macaroni. Could British Columbia—perish the thought—actually be a province just like all the others? With weaknesses, musby spots, acne and dandruff?

The recession that has galloped across the civilized democracies like herpes is apparent in the mothballed auto plants of Windsor and the unemployment lineups in Montreal. It is not so apparent but just as real in British Columbia, disguised by the floating fortunes in every marina and the splendiferous ski cabins adorning rock cliffs at Whistler. One-third of all the forest workers in the province are unemployed. You can shoot a cannon through the expense-account restaurants where the noontime plastic money used to click like the sound of a field full of crickets. At L'Orangerie, the glitterati watering hole beside the new domed stadium, where a sliding glass roof lets the sun shine in on the diners, the Porsches, BMWs and pastel-colored Rolls-Royces no longer have to line up just to line up.

The edge of the frontier has come unstuck because it is so lazy with its gifts. Because it has financed its sybaritic life on the simple harvesting of its resources, it has no reserve when world customers falter and close their wallets. British Columbia lives on its forests, regarding them as a dollar equivalent of a lawn. You just cut down the trees, and because God in Her Wisdom sends ample supplies of moisture, you just watch them grow and cut them down again. Fifty cents of every dollar in the province's economy comes one way or another from forests. When Ronald Reagan, in his infinite scholarship, encourages interest rates to rise to a level that kills off U.S. housing starts, British Columbia simply grows pale and clutches its innards. When a world recession slashes the demand for steel, Japan's insatiable need for B.C. coal slackens, and the province quivers. Hewers of wood and drawers of water in the 1980s are very frail children.

The high rollers come tumbling first. Nelson Skalbania goes bankrupt before a dining-room microphone and publicly pleads for the return of his latest wife. Jack Poole, from downtown Mortlach, Sask., a development millionaire who imported gold from South Africa to fleck the windows of his downtown tower, is forced to put up his just-completed home for sale for $4 million, and *his* marriage collapses. It is all the Canadian version of *People* magazine, Peter C. Newman chronicling the rise of the New Vulgarians, and the newspaper gossip columns recording the fall.



STAN TOWNSLEY SERVICES

Vancouver cityscape: after all, a province just like the others?

Now, the spoiled children of the Canadian dream have four weeks to make a decision. Do the voters stick with the loner workaholic premier who left high school to prove to his autocrat father that he could make a million on his own, sleeping on the merchandise in his furniture stores to save out-of-town hotel bills? Or do they return, in hard times, to the softened socialism of a pudgy man who is the longest-reigning Opposition leader in Canada?

British Columbia has always been the cutting edge, an unusual edge. Bill Bennett is the only premier in the country who has never been to university. Dave Barrett, the first Jewish premier, schooled by Jesuits in the United States, was 40 before he ever visited Montreal. The election of his brief three-year government in 1972 marked the most affluent section of the world ever to voluntarily embrace socialism.

British Columbians once smugly looked down upon Alberta's fate, living off a nonrenewable resource. But now British Columbia instead looks in some envy at the solidly diversified economy of Saskatchewan: wheat and oil and uranium and potash. A province with all the climate and all the scenery has gone on too long, as Science Minister Pat McGeer put it, "cutting big sticks into little sticks," while the world went microchip. The weakness of a one-crop economy is now apparent, as the lotus-eaters contemplate whether the tired free-enterprisers or the chastened socialists can revive it.



KATE WILLIAMS

Barrett at the start of the four-week campaign: life in California North is not the après-ski fantasy it once was

CANADA/COVER

Hard times in Canada's Lotus Land

By Malcolm Gray

It was a fitting scene for an election call. When British Columbia Premier William Bennett strode confidently before the microphones last week to ask the electorate for a "strong and enduring mandate," he chose to do it in Robson Square, the glass-and-steel complex in the heart of Vancouver which is the city's architectural homage to West Coast progress and well-heeled sophistication. Bennett kicked off the campaign with a speech that rang with the accomplishments of his Social Credit government's seven years in office. But across the strait on Vancouver Island a more sombre scene was unfolding. There, a rain-soaked procession of unemployed workers from northern logging communities marched silently on the Victoria legislature. Numbering only about 70, they symbolized the hidden, but desperate, economic crisis that has plagued "Beautiful British Columbia" in the past three years of Bennett's stewardship. Despite the premier's frequently quoted claim that "British Columbia will lead Canada out of the recession," the cold fact is that the bloom has faded in Lotus Land.

Clearly, Bennett is keenly aware of that harsh reality. His political fate will be decided on May 5 when British Columbians go to the polls. After months of indecision about whether or not to call an election, Bennett finally decided to act when he had no alternative but to do so. His coalition party is in serious disarray, and his government has saddled the province with a $1-billion deficit—the first ever for a party obsessed with balanced budgets. It will be that deficit and Bennett's mismanagement of the economy that NDP Opposition Leader David Barrett will attack in the four-week campaign. But Barrett has his own political troubles. After he lost power in 1975, the NDP front benches remained virtually unchanged. More threatening to Barrett—even though he has softened his socialism since then—was a national Gallup poll released last week, which reported that 50 per cent of Canadians favored a Conservative government nationally.

The May 5 election will be a decisive one for the future of what was once thought to be the most blessed province

For both leaders, the upcoming election will be decisive in determining the future of what was once thought to be Canada's most blessed province. For although British Columbia still conjures up alluring visions of California North in many parts of Canada, life there is not the après-ski fantasy that it once was. The hot tubs overlooking English Bay have cooled. House prices have dropped drastically from the 1970s, when a galvanized lean-to with a partial mountain view sold for more than $100,000. More to the point, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who have been the backbone of the province's resource-based economy, are out of work. Said John Erickson, one of 2,000 laborers laid off when MacMillan Bloedel's Port Alberni lumber mill shut down in 1981: "The dream is over."

Nowhere is the dismal decline of British Columbia more telling than in the statistics dealing with migration figures. Once the land of promise at the western end of the Trans-Canada Highway—the favored destination of everyone from shoeless driftere to high-rolling entrepreneurs (page 20)—now more people are leaving the province than entering it. In 1980 British Columbia recorded a net gain of 48,000 new residents. Last year, in comparison, 59,810 went down the road—out of the province—almost 1,000 more than those who came to stay. And of those hoping to find a livelihood amid the lotuses, many are disappointed. Currently, the B.C. jobless rate is at 14.7 per cent, the highest of any province west of Ontario. But even those figures do not reveal the whole truth. In rural areas, where lumber and pulp mills have gradually ground down and mines have closed, the



NARAINI/MILLER SERVICES

B.C. logging, Vander Zalm in Victoria (below). 'a lot of money has been wasted'

COVER

unemployment rates have shot up to 30 per cent. Says Patricia Marchak, an NDP candidate and a sociologist at the University of British Columbia who has written a book on the demise of B.C. forestry towns: "My conviction is that those communities are going under."

Another symbol of a dream turning sour is the village of Whistler, the trendy ski resort that strove to be the Aspen of the North. From Vancouver a winding two-lane highway to Whistler is bombarded by road signs warning of the danger of everything from rock slides to washed-out bridges. But the signs at the end of the trip spell caution to developers rather than drivers.

For skiers this season, the centre of Whistler Village was dominated by the shell of an unfinished community centre. For shopkeepers and restaurateurs who set up business in Whistler's mock Alpine Village, the clientele has not appeared. Like ruins, the concrete foundations of a hotel and condominium project have been frozen by high interest rates and the recession. When the municipally owned land company that was developing the village centre closed down as a result of a $27-million debt, the embarrassed Socreds were forced to step in. Last January the government extended an additional $9 million in credit to protect the public investment that the administration had already extended. That is not the kind of action the free-enterprising Socreds propound. Said Janice Tindle, a member of the Whistler ski patrol and a nine-year resident of the village: "A lot of the money that has been spent here has been wasted. They brought in high-priced planners, and although their plans are still here, there's no money left to carry them out."

Embarrassing political gaffes like Whistler could haunt the Socreds throughout the election campaign, but the main issue will be jobs. "The [jobs] issue is relatively straightforward, but then you have to filter the messages to figure out who's going to do something," said economist Richard McAlary, of the B.C. Central Credit Union. "The side issue is trust and integrity: who do you believe is going to deliver the promises?" For their part, David Barrett and the NDP promise to finance a $500-million job creation program through government borrowing. But Bennett's Socreds are staking their future on the only functioning megaproject in the country, a massive $3-billion coalfield development in the northeast corner of the province. In December the first carloads of seven million tonnes of coal a year will begin moving to Japanese steel mills over new publicly financed rail lines and through a new port at Prince Rupert. The two companies involved, Denison Mines Ltd. of Toronto and Teck Corp., have 15-year contracts, and the project promises to create as many as 6,000 new jobs. Still, it could backfire on Bennett. With a worldwide steel glut and cheaper coal now available from Australia, the Japanese are unlikely to buy any more additional supplies from the new fields. As well, any drop in the average price of $90 a tonne would make northeast coal uneconomical—at public expense. The NDP has hammered away at the new Peace River coal development since the agreements were signed in 1981.



KATE WILLIAMS

The prospect of the Japanese abandoning the northeast coal project causes a chilling concern. But the province is also enduring a full-blown scare in another vital part of its rocks-and-logs economy: forestry. British Columbia exports more than $1 billion worth of lumber to the United States annually, and only strenuous lobbying recently stopped a U.S. plan to impose a tariff on B.C. wood imports which would have crippled the forestry industry. Port Alberni on Vancouver Island was one of the most prosperous cities in the country during the 1970s. Now, the pulp and lumber mills in the city of 20,000 are dormant, and only a few hundred of the area's 5,000-member work force still have jobs.

Says the credit union's McAlary: "The economy has to change. British Columbia still has the least diversified economy in Canada, outside the Atlantic provinces. Now that the world is getting smaller, British Columbia is a place where people like to live and work, so it has to diversify more."

The Socred strategy for dealing with changing times and transitional economies is to try to entice high-tech industries to the West Coast. One new project, a $49-million microprocessor plant, is tantalizingly close to reality near Vic-

Like father, just a little like son

By Marjorie Nichols

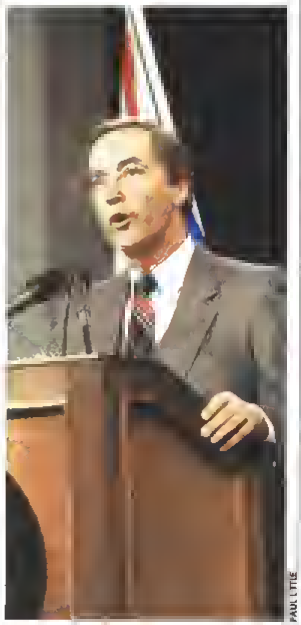
At age 51 and after seven years in power, Premier William Bennett has never stepped out of the shadow of his late father, W.A.C. Bennett, B.C.'s Socred premier from 1952 to 1972. William Bennett, a man who is loath to share any personal feelings, refers to his father in public as "W.A.C.," rarely as "father" or "ded." Just before the last provincial election, in 1979, Bennett volunteered a curious bit of trivia. He said that he probably would retire when he was about 52—the age at which W.A.C. Bennett first became premier. Still, despite the familial rivalry, there are few common denominators at either the personal or political level between father and son.

"Wacky" Bennett was, like his son, a parsimonious man who ran the province like one of his hardware stores, seldom delegating major responsibility. However, the elder Bennett was a consummate politician, outgoing and gregarious. For 20 years he dined at the Union Club, a private men's establishment in Victoria, using the two-block stroll from the legislature to pump a few voters' hands and exchange pleasantries with his ever-present admirers. He was a man of enormous charm and considerable wit who clearly thrived on mixing with crowds on the B.C. ferries.

William Bennett, on the other hand, is a solitary man who lives alone during most of the year in a suite in the downtown Victoria Harbour Tower Hotel, where he fixes most of his own meals. At noon he usually sprints the two blocks to the hotel and slaps together a sandwich of bean sprouts and peanut butter. He is a workaholic who reads virtually every major document produced by the provincial bureaucracy. Until an old back injury flared up a few months ago, the premier usually jogged a kilometre or so every morning. Now he exercises in the hotel pool.

Aides frequently complain about Bennett's early rising habits. At the Ottawa conference where the new Constitution was hammered together, for example, Bennett ordered his staff to come to his room for daybreak coffee three hours before the meetings started, even when there was no business to discuss.

The premier, a millionaire who made his money in small-town businesses—the holdings now include a $34-million shopping, hotel and residential complex, a sawmill and a finance company—is also notoriously cheap. When one of his four sons married last year, Bennett and his wife, Audrey, got up early the morning after the nuptials to sweep out the rented hall so that they could get back the full deposit. Audrey Bennett, a shy, attractive woman who bears an uncanny resemblance to Shirley Barrett, the wife of the Opposition leader, lives alone at the family home in Kelowna while her husband toils in Victoria and flies home on weekends. In addition to stacks of government documents, the premier enjoys reading fiction, lately the spy novels of best-selling American author Robert Ludlum. But he has few interests beyond work. He does not enjoy music or theatre.



PAUL LITTLE

Bennett, suit from a smoke damage sale

The years in Victoria have also reduced Bennett's social contacts with old friends from his business days, and there are only two or three members of his current cabinet with whom he fraternizes regularly. The premier does not enjoy wading into crowds to press the flesh or strike up conversations with strangers. William Bennett has also been known to take a drink, unlike his abstemious father. In 1972 W.A.C. travelled dry throughout the province, campaigning from the back seat of a long, black limousine. This time his son will use a gleaming Greyhound bus, outfitted with a suite that includes a sofa bed, bathroom, telephone, television, two stuffed chairs, a desk, refrigerator and a clothes closet containing a case of Johnnie Walker Red Label, the premier's favorite drink. Following the style of Tory campaigns in Ontario, the Bennett bus will be trailed by another Greyhound filled with reporters covering his campaign. Reflecting Bennett's preoccupation with detail, his movements on tour have been planned down to the last minute.

Although the premier is ordinarily fastidious about protocol, he created a minor scandal during the recent royal visit to the West Coast when he showed up at a black-tie dinner for Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip clad in an ill-fitting grey business suit that he had purchased for half-price at a smoke damage sale at a Victoria haberdashery. The premier's principal secretary tried to force him into a tuxedo, but his efforts were unsuccessful. In Victoria, the western headquarters of anglophilia, that snub of Her Majesty could cost Social Credit a couple of hundred votes.

After two terms in office Bennett remains a curious loner. He does little to massage the egos of his own natural constituents in the boardrooms and even less to make new friends beyond his centre-right supporters. At the same time, however, he is a formidable presence in small groups of business leaders and he unabashedly puts forward an eloquent argument in favor of a Canada-U.S. free-trade association. For a man whose whole life revolves around being premier, the question that friends and opponents alike ask is what William Bennett would do if he were rudely rejected on May 5. Informed speculation is that he would not remain long as opposition leader. And without a Bennett at the helm, the smart money is betting that a defeat would also wipe the Social Credit party from the political map of British Columbia. The William Bennett Socred party is a coalition of old-line Social Crediters, Liberals and Conservatives who crossed the floor in the mid-1970s in a bid to unseat the New Democrats. For William Bennett and B.C. Social Credit, May 5 may be an apocalypse, not just a local battle.

Marjorie Nichols is a columnist with The Vancouver Sun

toria. Ottawa and Victoria have offered two Filipino businessmen $19 million in loans and grants—if they can raise the rest of the money for the project themselves. Even with the deal still on the drawing board, an announcement of 500 jobs should the plant ever open drew 6,000 unemployed workers to the Canada employment centre in Victoria.

Announcing 500 high-tech jobs before the factory even opens will not draw fire from the New Democrats, because they have larger Socred game to hunt in the campaign. Bennett, who gave the definite appearance of a man backing unwillingly into an election, will be the prime target during the coming campaign. The NDP will stress the fact that the premier failed to recall the legislature after Christmas to approve continued government spending. When the fiscal year ended March 31 and the government was left without a budget for the first time in 40 years, Bennett took the unprecedented step of ordering special warrants to keep the government solvent and to pay its bills. "Bennett was forced into the election," said Stan Pereky, a left-wing social critic and author of *Bennett II: The Decline and Stumbling*, a critical analysis of the premier's tenure. "He was unable to call the legislature back because he would have had to present a new budget and he knew people would be upset by the figures. Even in loony Lotus Land you can only go so far with that kind of government."

Although Bennett's recent budgetary problems will be ammunition for the NDP throughout the election, the premier and his party will also be on trial for other sins of the past. Since the last election, in 1979, when the Socreds won 31 of 57 seats, the Bennett government has been plagued by a series of miniscandals. The problems began during the 1979 election when the Socreds were accused of waging a "dirty tricks" campaign against the NDP in which, among other things, party workers forged letters using the names of prominent NDP supporters. During that same election Bennett was also responsible for the program that gave each resident of the province five free shares of B.C. Resources Investment Corp. stock in the hope that they would continue to invest in the province. Although the gesture was purely an election goodie to buy votes, Bennett sold the scheme as an example of "people's capitalism" at work. Like the economy itself, the stock has plunged since the 1979 election, when it traded for $6 a share, last week it was selling for $2.70 a share.

Last year the government was tainted again after Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Peter Hyndman was forced to resign when his expense accounts became embarrassingly public. They included copious chits for extravagant meals and expensive French wines.

But perhaps the greatest threat to Bennett comes from within his own ranks. The decision by Education Minister William Vander Zalm not to seek reelection was a pointed signal of trouble to come. Vander Zalm, the party's right-wing strongman and a populist hero in the Socreds' alienated fringe, will be waiting in the wings for a crack at the leadership should Bennett's high-rolling campaign machine grind to a halt on May 5. Vander Zalm's defection and that of Attorney General Allan Williams leave two safe Socred seats up for grabs in what some analysts predict could be an NDP landslide.

Barrett's attack on Bennett got off to a flying start when he accused the Socred government of planning to tamper with the province's medicare system by instituting controversial hospital user fees and possibly even means tests to decide who should pay for hospital beds. Barrett, who was leaked a government document outlining what Bennett aides later claimed was only an "option," held a press conference to publicize the affront to what British Columbians feel is an inalienable social program. Unlike the 1975 election, when angry lobby groups from the forestry, mining and auto insurance industries vigorously campaigned to defeat the NDP, this time Bennett will have unions, teachers and public servants working against him. Canadians from coast to coast can only hope that somehow the catharsis of an election campaign will restore the promise that for so long made British Columbia the symbol of hope that sustained a nation even in its darkest moments.

With Diane Luckow in Vancouver and Jack Danylchuk in Victoria.



IMAGE FINDERS

Fishing for Pacific herring: the government had to resort to special warrants to keep itself solvent and pay its bills

A strategy of pinstriped socialism

For British Columbians with vivid memories of the New Democrats' three tumultuous years in government, it is still difficult to recall an era when Dave Barrett wore blue jeans and won a cow dung-chucking contest at a local rodeo in the Interior. Barrett, his dark hair shot with grey, now looks like a merchant banker in his well-tailored, pinstriped suite. He is no longer the dishevelled and fun-loving socialist premier who scandalized the establishment a decade ago with his lighthearted capers. At 52, after 23 years in the meat grinder of British Columbia's highly polarized Victoria political arena, this may be the NDP leader's last campaign, win or lose. He has promised his wife, Shirley, that he will soon set a firm date for departure from public life to spend more time with his family.

Still, it is difficult to imagine Dave Barrett retiring while there is still a Bennett at the helm of the Social Credit party in British Columbia. Barrett's entire political career is a saga interwoven with his battles against the Bennetts of Kelowna, father and son. The NDP leader had a grudging admiration for W.A.C. Bennett, the autocratic hardware store owner who ruled the magical province for 20 years until he was toppled by the Barrett government in 1972. But Barrett cannot disguise the contempt he holds for William Bennett, the current leader of the Social Credit coalition that turned the New Democrats out of office in 1975 on a tide of antisocialist hysteria.

A victory on May 5 would be both a personal and a political vindication for Barrett, the Jesuit-educated social worker who has spent the past seven years in the purgatory of Opposition. The former premier bristles at suggestions that his own conservative wardrobe and low-key style are deliberate affectations designed to erase the radical image with which his government was so often tarred. It has been years since the word "nationalization" was spoken aloud by either Barrett or any member of his caucus in or out of the legislature. The NDP leader's disclaimers aside, the party under his stewardship has taken a sharp turn toward the centre.

Working quietly in back rooms, Barrett has successfully purged the party of all its left-wing militants. The NDP leader himself is a curious ideological mix. He is, in many ways, more American than Canadian, the result no doubt of the fact that he was educated at Jesuit universities in Seattle and St. Louis. On the political spectrum, Dave Barrett is a left-wing Democrat. Many of his political heroes and most of his political metaphors are American. At his first news conference after the election writ was issued last week, the NDP leader quoted Franklin Delano Roosevelt and he admitted that his election strategy for economic recovery was heavily borrowed from Roosevelt's New Deal.



KATE WILLIAMS

Barrett: years of battling Bennetts

Barrett's favorite political character is Louisiana's late Huey (Kingfisher) Long, perhaps the greatest political manipulator in U.S. history. In addition to U.S. politics, the NDP leader has an insatiable passion for professional sports, particularly U.S. baseball and football, although he is also an avid fan of the Canadian Football League and hockey. Last fall, when Premier Bennett first put out an election alert, Barrett had a personal conflict. He was anxious for an election, but it would have interfered with the World Series in which his beloved St. Louis Cardinals were playing. And, until an office secretary removed it, the most prominent spot on Barrett's office wall was devoted to a huge, ratty Cardinals pennant. The first time the NDP leader visited Ottawa was to attend the federal NDP leadership convention that elected David Lewis in 1971, but he cleverly detoured through St. Louis to catch a Cardinals game.

Barrett is an avid reader, mostly of current political books and of history, but he is also a Shakespeare buff. Recently, an employee wandered into his office and asked him to identify a quote. Barrett was certain it was Shakespeare, but he placed a call to the legislative library to confirm his opinion. When the library called back, Barrett was distraught. "Damn," he said, "it was Sophocles."

The three Barrett children, two sons and a daughter, are now in their 20s. Barrett's outspoken wife, Shirley, who has been studying Chinese for the past five years, made the NDP leader stop the car on the way to work a couple of months ago to pick up some Chinese seamen so that she could practise the language on them.

The Barretts lead a quiet social life, entertaining only small groups of friends at dinner parties and attending performances of the Victoria symphony. To businessmen who have been wearing a hole in the NDP leader's carpet over the past six months seeking to mend fences in preparation for the possibility that the NDP will be returned to office, Barrett issues assurances that he would do things differently the second time around.

But most of all, Dave Barrett wants vindication for the Socred taunt that his government was financially incompetent. Whatever the outcome, the member from Coquitlam has the satisfaction this time of turning the tables on the Bennetts and the Socreds. The major issue in the campaign is the burgeoning debt rolled up under the stewardship of the current government. Entering the campaign, Barrett's major concern was whether he could lose enough around his ample waist to fit into a couple of new campaign suits that his wife deliberately purchased one size too small.

—MARJORIE NICHOLS
in Vancouver.

High-flying acquisitors on the skids



By Peter C. Newman

The prime issue of the B.C. election campaign may be economic revival, but most of the high-flying acquisitors whose business antics once enlivened the province are beyond rescue. Among themselves, they whisper in awed tones about yet another bankrupt buddy who is "into big numbers, receiverwise."

Here's a partial rundown of some of the victims and a few of the survivors.

Nelson Skalbania. The country's most heroic bankrupt, he's back with his Greek goddess, Eleni, trying to survive on the $90,000 a year his creditors left him as pocket money. He recently lost the B.C. racquetball singles championship to Phil Swartz but is about to launch himself back into business—this time as an *official* pirate. Nelson is negotiating to buy Radio Caroline, the shipboard pirate radio station that operated off the British coast a decade ago and is now in Spanish dry dock.

Jack Poole. The Daon real estate consortium he created was generating $1 million a week only 27 months ago. Now, Daon can't keep up its bank-interest payments, and Poole has had to move out of his squash-court-sized president's office. (He rents it out to Maurice Strong.) Poole has left his wife of 35 years, is trying to sell his house for $4 million and is sweating out his time in purgatory.

Nail B. Cook. A hillbilly capitalist who has owned everything from nursing homes and gold mines to Trans-Canada Enterprises (which had its head office in Texas), he is lying very close to the ground. *And* his private jet has been repossessed by Citybank.

Harb Domas. This quiet-spoken Sikh who built a paper fortune in lumbering is being kept alive mainly by transfusions from the Royal Bank, having lost nearly everything but his dignity. He has moved back into the modest bungalow outside Duncan, B.C., that he built for himself in 1966 on an $8,000 mortgage.

Bob Carter. The giant, 282-lb. ex-narc who startled Canadian business by masterminding some of the most complicated energy deals of the 1970s has gone underground. He once dreamed of joining the Vancouver Club but now faces charges of rape, buggery and indecent assault.

Patar Thomas. As recently as two years ago, this Victoria-based real estate flipper was doing deals worth $2 billion a year by "maximizing my internal prime time." Now he's trying to salvage what little is left of his dreams and properties.

The Daumat Brothers. This clan of Christian Lebanese who once owned an impressive cement-lumber complex, has run up debts totalling $219 million. It's British Columbia's biggest bankruptcy. Michel Doumet even lost his 1976 Mercedes.

Jimmy Pattison. No longer resplendent in electric-blue suits, Jimmy has gone pinstripe and now runs successful private banks in Zug, Switzerland, and in the Cayman Islands. He has cut expenses and drives a Chevy Citation instead of one of his half-dozen Caddies. Pattison's conglomerate came out of 1982 with good profits, and for the first two months of this year his net is up to 30 per cent. His latest purchase, Metro Trans-Public, the company that handles the subway, streetcar and bus advertising in Toronto and Hamilton.



Skalbania, back with his Greek goddess

Patar Brown. Busy snapping and unsnapping his Gucci valise as he goes about collecting for the Social Credit election campaign, "the Rabbit" has just completed the bast quarter his West Coast brokerage house ever had. Canarim Investments is currently floating 120 public issues. Along with Pattison, Brown is in danger of becoming a corporate statesman.

Joe Segal. Though he dropped about $25 million on the stock market during the past year and is down to four employees, his private investment company has just bought G.W. Robinson Ltd., a nine-unit central Ontario department store chain. Segal's castle overlooking the Fraser was up for sale at $4 million, but he has taken it off the market and continues to nurture orchids and grapefruit-sized lemons in its gallered conservatory.

The Belzbergs. They're still minting fortunes by buying minority positions in companies in which the chief executive officers are so terrified at the prospect of being taken over by the Belzberg brothers that they hunt up "White Knights" to buy them out instead. In the process, Sam, Billy and Hymie have nettad a cool half-billion. Sam is realizing his dream of getting closer to the Toronto establishment by buying into a cellular radio application with Ted Rogers and Dean (Canadian Tire) Muncaster.

Edgar Kaiser Jr. This scion of the famed U.S. steelmaking family who made a fortune out of B.C. coal has dropped an estimated $90 million. The Gulfstream jet in which he flew to 51 countries is long gone, and his main surviving asset is ownership of the Denver Broncos. But he is solidly on the comeback trail.

Bob Lee. One of the few real estate operators still in business, he continues to attract Hong Kong money into British Columbia through his Prospero Group. The only troubled property in his inventory is the Montreal Stock Exchange Tower which he bought on a whim (for $85 million) in 1981. Lee continues to humor his investors by pretending to like Chinese food.

One thing hasn't changed: British Columbia still has its share of those spunky women with great bods the acquisitors tend to love and marry—though not necessarily at the same time. The Great Recession did little to dampen the feminine spirit. When a reasonably minor acquisitor named Barry Tobler jilted his lady, Sylvia Lewis, she waited until he was asleep, doused him with Grand Marnier—then set him on fire.

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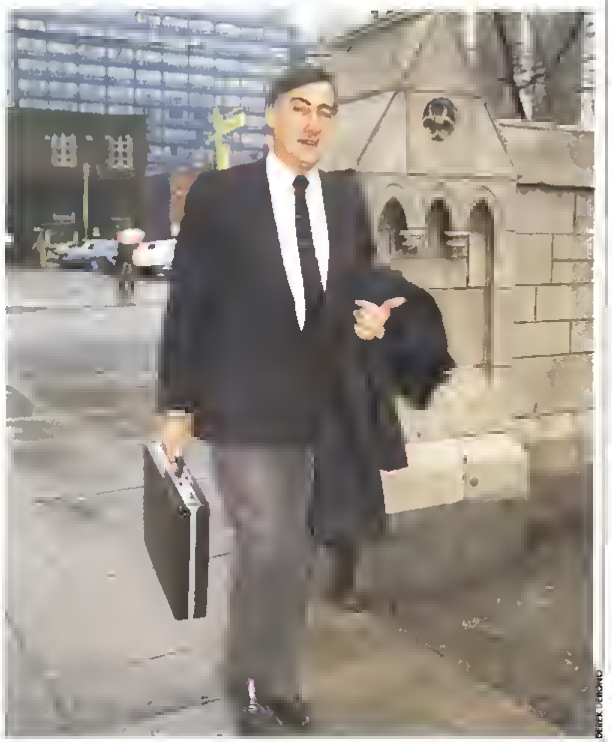
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The tune of a nation



Liberal Weatherhead: on budget eve voters beg—don't rock the boat

By Carol Goar

William Kempling is a big, friendly MP who owns a truck parts company in Hamilton, Ont. He prides himself on keeping one foot in the business world. When he was home from Ottawa last week, he met an old associate for coffee and conversation. "I think I can see a little blue sky up there, Bill," the friend said. "Where?" asked Kempling eagerly. "I don't want to analyse it or a cloud will come over," the businessman answered. For the 62-year-old Conservative MP, that conversation captured the mood of his recession-battered riding on the eve of Finance Minister Marc Lalonde's April 19 budget. And the stories that other MPs brought back from across the country as they returned from Easter recess were very much the same.

No one wanted to risk defining or dissecting the subtle shift in the economic climate, but most MPs were convinced that the severe recession of the past 18 months has finally begun to loosen its grip. "We're out of the pre-Christmas period of absolute depression, but there's still no feeling of optimism—let's just call it a midstage of uncertainty," said B.C. Conservative businessman-MP Robert Wenman.

Ironically, the fragile signs of recovery are making Lalonde's job more difficult than ever. Only a few weeks ago most Canadians agreed that the government should stimulate the apparently lifeless national economy, even if it meant boosting the projected $30-billion federal deficit. Now, that consensus has vanished. Some MPs are pressing Lalonde to create jobs. Others are insisting with equal vehemence that any substantial increase in government spending will set off an unwelcome surge in interest rates and inflation. After weeks of waiting and speculating, Quebec Liberal back-bencher Jean Lapierre says he now finds that his constituents are not even sure they want a budget. "People are saying, 'Please don't move anything around—just let it go on, it might work,'" he said.

There are indeed promising signals of a recovery. In hard-hit Sudbury, Ont., more than half of Inco Ltd.'s work force returned to jobs last week, and the rest expect to be recalled by April 18. Car production increased by 18.8 per cent during the first quarter from a year earlier. Manufacturing output in January increased by five per cent from its December level. And stock market traders reported their best quarter in years. Last week the Conference Board of Canada announced that consumer confidence, too, is picking up.

Prices and interest rates are also moderating. Inflation stands at 7.4 per cent—the lowest level in six years—and the Bank of Canada's trend-setting lending rate is 9.5 per cent, compared with 15.4 per cent a year ago. "The Six-and-Five program has been accepted well, and the government has managed to keep inflation down," acknowledged Manitoba Conservative MP Jack Murta. But Liberal back-bencher David Weatherhead, who represents the suburban Toronto riding of Scarborough West, commented unhappily that politicians are not getting enough credit for winning the war against spiralling prices. "It's funny," he said. "People seem to get kind of used to living with an inflation rate of 10 to 12 per cent. What they really want is some assurance that they will be able to keep their jobs."

Jobs, unquestionably, remain the country's biggest worry. The unemployment rate is stuck at a painful 12.5 per cent, compared with 8.9 per cent a year ago. Private surveys show that two out of every three Canadians fear that they or someone close to them will soon lose their job. For many MPs that dismal outlook overshadows all the statistics pointing to recovery. "It's nice to read in the press that the economy is improving, but it would be nicer if I could feel it," said LaPierre, after talking to 14 constituents, each with a job-related worry, at his office in Quebec's Eastern Townships. In North Battleford, Sask., New Democrat Douglas Anguish reported that jobs were the central concern in Saskatchewan. And in suburban Edmonton, Conservative MP Stan Schellenberger said that his constituents—especially those in the oil industry—were still too troubled over their own futures to sense any national turnaround.

Weatherhead also pointed to two longer-term worries. For one thing, many businesses seem to have decided to invest in new equipment rather than hiring back the workers they laid off in the past year. For another, the 55-year-old Toronto lawyer said that unemployment in the past year seems to have brought out the worst characteristics in many Canadians. "People pay lip service to improving the unemployment situation but they aren't really that sympathetic to the unemployed," he said. "People here tend to equate unemployment with being lazy and getting money under the table. You still find this kind of stigma and you have to fight it."

Unemployment preoccupied MPs from coast to coast, but there were secondary themes as well. Among them:

- Prairie farmers are angered by Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin's decision to increase freight rates for grain. The NDP calculates that the Feb. 1 Crow rate abandonment will cost the average Western farmer $6,000 a year.
- The proposed testing of cruise missiles in Alberta and Saskatchewan generated pockets of fierce opposition across the country. A senior Liberal strategist admitted privately that when the economy improves, the nuclear issue will dominate the 1980s.
- Small businessmen and farmers fear a renewed increase in interest rates. "That frightens the daylights out of my constituents," said Manitoba's Murta.

Tory MPs are finding a keen interest in their leadership race among constituents. Clearly, many Canadians view their party as a government-in-waiting. A Gallup poll released last week showed that Tory popularity had reached a remarkable 50 per cent among decided voters—the highest that party's rating has stood since 1959. (The Liberals had slipped to 30 per cent, and the NDP had dropped to 17 per cent.) Wenman is convinced that the upsurge in support partly represents a yearning for change in all the parties. "People hope the sense of change from the Conservative leadership will spill over into the other two parties and lead to a widespread renewal," he said.

Not all MPs stayed in their ridings over the Easter break. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his three sons were in Jamaica on vacation, and Industry Minister Ed Lumley was holidaying in Trinidad. Consumer Affairs Minister André Ouellet and Health Minister Monique Bégin were in Paris, and Secretary of State Serge Joyal was in Louisiana. At least two parliamentary delegations were abroad and a handful of ministers merely informed the Prime Minister's Office that they would be "on vacation."

On the other hand, Marc Lalonde remained in Ottawa, not hiding out but locked away with his officials in budget meetings, trying to balance out the nation's conflicting economic concerns. For four months he has sought the advice of business leaders, labor spokesmen, academics, provincial officials and his parliamentary colleagues in the most exhaustive set of prebudget consultations ever held. Now, with B-Day fast approaching, the minister appears to have become the victim of his own timing. He faces the prospect of prescribing a remedy for an economy that may already be curing itself.

With Julie Van Dusen in Ottawa.



Conservative Kempling: do not analyse the good news—it might go away

Nova Scotia's politics on trial

The setting is a wood-panelled room in a building overlooking the Halifax waterfront. Inside, Nova Scotia Supreme Court Justice C. Denne Burchell is hearing one of the most intriguing, and politically embarrassing, cases in the province's history. The trial involves the ethical behavior of the Nova Scotia Liberal party throughout the 1970s. The influence-peddling case of Senator Irvine Barrow and retired businessman Charles MacFadden began last week. Then, in addition to the details of their fund-raising work for the Liberal party, a picture began to emerge of the seamy side of corporate political "donations"—for Liberals and Tories alike. In the next five weeks Justice Burchell will demand that some of the province's most prominent Liberals explain the party's fund-raising techniques. The roster of witnesses will include former premier and now federal Secretary of State Gerald Regan, as well as his former aide and, more recently, troubleshooter for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Michael Kirby, previous chairman of the provincial liquor commission, and other commission officials.

A titanic court battle is shaping up. The charges result from the RCMP's most extensive commercial crime investigation in Nova Scotia history. And to defend themselves the accused have brought in two of the country's top criminal lawyers—76-year-old J.J. Robinette and Austin Cooper, 54, both of Toronto, whose bills are likely to be as large as their reputations. The marathon began when co-prosecutor Gary Holt told the jury that neither Barrow, an accountant and lifelong Liberal who was named to the Senate in 1974, nor MacFadden personally pocketed any of the funds from their allegedly criminal brand of fund-raising. "They did it on behalf of a cause they both believed in with great loyalty and passion—large 'L' liberalism, in effect the Liberal party of Nova Scotia," said Holt.

The case against the two men is outlined in 32 black, 36-cm binders that stretch for roughly five metres across a table in Courtroom 8. The Crown hopes to show that those documents—a fraction of the mass of paper accumulated in the RCMP's investigation between 1978 and 1981—will prove that Barrow and MacFadden claimed to have special influence with the provincial government in order to elicit contributions to the Liberal party between October, 1970, and September, 1978, while Regan was premier. The charges, laid in July, 1981, initially included retired Halifax



High-priced help Cooper (left) and Robinette two cents a case for the Liberal cause

insurance executive James G Simpson, but he pleaded guilty and paid a $75,000 fine in April, 1982

Prosecutors Holt and Brian Newton say that Barrow was the key planner in a fund-raising conspiracy in which liquor companies understood that they would have a better chance of getting certain products listed with the provincial liquor commission if they contributed to the Liberal party of Nova Scotia That contribution was apparently based on the amount of alcohol sold, a practice known as "toll-gating" Other companies, seeking government business in general merchandise, were allegedly led to believe that a party donation would give them an advantage over the competition MacFadden, at the time an executive with National Sea Products, was reportedly a key solicitor of such funds for the party

RCMP witnesses described a web of financial donors, intermediary bank accounts and the party associations that ultimately received the money The donations were initially deposited in three bank accounts, the RCMP said The accounts were in the names of C R MacFadden & Trust, J G Simpson & Trust and Cambridge Investments Agency (CIA) Most of the $3 7 million from more than 200 companies that passed through those accounts constituted legitimate donations to the party, offered without favors asked or given, the prosecution said, but at least 23 companies were party to the influence-peddling scheme. The prosecution charges that Chateau-Gai Wines Ltd., for ons, paid $127,931 From the bank accounts the RCMP traced payments to the Nova Scotia Liberal Association and various party holding funds, of which Barrow was the main trustee

But not only the Liberals are under examination The trial has already begun to uncover a traditional arrangement of corporate payments that vastly favored the party in power Robinette, MacFadden's lawyer, questioned RCMP Staff Sgt Walter Leigh on the payments from one company, Oland's Breweries Ltd , which gave the ruling Tories a total of $242,500 between 1963 and 1970, while the Liberal Opposition received a nominal $53,500 But the Liberals won the 1970 election, and until their loss in 1978 they received payments averaging $40,000 a year compared to the Conservatives' $2,500—or $320,000 to $20,000 for the period they were in power Under the Liberals, payments seemed to be a set percentage of earnings, and the Crown introduced an unsigned interoffice memo taken from Simpson's office that read. "Mr. Simpson hed a conversation with Bruce Oland yesterday He suggested two cents a case Mr Oland did not say 'no' but he cried quite badly" Before the trial is over, more tears may be shed by both parties.

—MICHAEL CLUGSTON
in Halyfax

Barrow e special influence?



WAAMDOT WATERFIELD

Teaching hate in Alberta schools

For 14 years, 49-year-old James Keegstra had a routine message that he delivered to his Grades 9 and 12 students in a classroom in Eckville, Alta "You take the Jews They hate Christ They have set out to destroy us." In the small ranching community 150 km southwest of Edmonton, Keegstra taught more than 400 students the long-discredited theory of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy He also contended that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was part of the conspiracy and that the Canadian flag and the rose in Trudeau's lapel, both red of course, were symbols of a commitment to communism Then, last December the Lacombe County Board of Education fired Keegstra—who is also Eckville's mayor But now, with the support of the Alberta Teachers' Association, he is fighting to get his job back. This week Keegstra will enter a packed courtroom to hear Madam Justice Elizabeth McFadyen rule on whether or not he can begin his teaching again

Tall, lean and soft-spoken, the father of four took the stand at a Court of Queen's Bench hearing in Edmonton two weeks ago to defend his views and seek his job back Leaders of Alberta's 15,000-member Jewish community attended the five-day court hearing seated beside a conflicting group, which held the conviction that Jews are determined to build a one-government world, with Satan at the helm, through financial collapse and revolution

The atmosphere was tense, both in the courtroom and in Eckville, where 96 of the school's 116 students have signed a petition demanding that their teacher be reinstated But the town of 872 is split on the issue now that it has come to the surface "In Eckville the minds of a generation have been tarnished," said Hillel Boroditsky, director of the 5,000-member Jewish Federation of Edmonton. "Whose responsibility is it to deal with the aftermath?"

That aftermath is real and frightening. "Hollywood productions are run by Jews so they could bring in pornography to corrupt our minds," said Grade 11 student Russell Mottus "For a Jew to kill a Christian is not a crime," said Russell Gwozdz, in Grade 12. "They [the Jews] think they are superior" Roland Anderson, another Keegstra alumnus, said that far fewer than six million Jews were killed by Hitler during the Second World War. Keegstra admits that probably few of his students have ever met a Jew. Asked who the Jewish bankers are that lead the conspiracy, Roland answered, "Rothschild and Oppenheimer"—a reference to the European Rothschild financiers and South African jeweller Sir Ernest Oppenheimer.

Keegstra is a member of the Diamond Valley Full Gospel Church, a fundamentalist congregation where he is a substitute Sunday schoolteacher for adults The pastor is his son, Lawrence, who says that he does not preach Jewish conspiracy from the pulpit and that he pays less attention to politics than to prayer However, the town's recently appointed Presbyterian minister, Kenneth MacLeod, said that the controversy does not reflect well on the image of Eckville "The real issue is that nobody has taken a stand on it for 14 years," said MacLeod. "It's bad enough the kind of stuff [Keegstra] was teaching kids, but what really bothers me is that so few find it really distasteful"

School principal Edwin Olsen has known about the anti-Jewish teaching since at least 1978, when his son was in one of Keegstra's classes But he declined to take corrective action Indeed, he was encouraged by his son's keen interest in social studies When they discussed the subject at home, "I would say there could be a conspiracy or it could be coincidence," he testified at the hearing

Keegstra said that he presented his views only as a theory But the court heard passages of book reports and essays containing such comments as "[Jews] are doing disgraceful murders, killings and massacres and are looking forward to one world government" and "a capitalist always supports communism, and capitalism itself is a Jewish concept"

Keegstra backed up his theories with tracts obtained from the Canadian League of Rights, a frequently exposed organization run by Ronald Gostick in Flesherton, Ont., and a direct mail distributor of extreme right-wing propaganda. One, called *Censored History*, claims that textbooks and newspapers are distorted by the Jews so that the rest of the world would remain unaware of a conspiracy.

Keegstra said that he invited students to test the validity of his arguments by referring to books in his personal library That became a crucial piece of testimony when, responding to questions asked by the justice, he admitted that his library contained no books that reasonably discounted the theory For his part, Richard McNally, a lawyer for the school board, argued that students were not given the chance to offer skeptical criticism of the theory and, as a result, anti-Semitism was presented as fact His basic case, however, rested on the board's claim that in advancing his racial theories Keegstra hed departed from the approved social studies course set by the board But Steven Hillier, a lawyer hired by the Alberta Teachers' Association to defend Keegstra, said that the school board violated freedoms of thought and expression guaranteed in Canada's Bill of Rights He contended, moreover, that the board had dismissed the teacher in a manner contrary to regulations.

Hillier compared the hearing to the Scopas Monkey Trial of 1924, when a Tennessee schoolteacher was taken to court for teaching the Darwinian theory of evolution Declared the lawyer: "An individual is entitled to make known his views even in the context of a class" But Herbert Katz, chairman of Edmonton's Jewish Community Relations Council, argued that freedom of speech does not include the freedom to incite hatred And, he pointed out, the country fought against such teachings 40 years ago "It wasn't only the Jews who went through the Second World War," he said "There were a lot of people from Eckville who fought what [Keegstra] is defending—nazism"

—ROBERT LEE
in Red Deer, Alta.



Socialism in a tailspin

By Marci McDonald

Finance Minister Jacques Delors has no sympathy for his countrymen's anger at being forced to spend their summer vacations in France. Come holiday time, the no-nonsense architect of the country's draconian new austerity package likes nothing better than to retreat to his modest country house to ply his skills as a handyman. But last week, as opposition mounted to the drastic fix he had just drafted for the nation's sagging economy, even critics among government ranks charged that Delors' patch-up may have been based on serious miscalculations. Despite his claim that "we must have the courage to risk unpopularity," the minister had clearly underestimated middle-class outrage over foreign currency restrictions, which trifle with sacred French holiday traditions.

Even more ominously, Delors had misjudged the docility of the country's two most powerful unions, the Communist-led Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT) and the usually pro-Socialist Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail (CFDT). At the very moment when his sweeping $11.5-billion bundle of tax increases, utility price hikes and spending cuts was being rushed into effect by a controversial short circuit of the National Assembly, bristling union leaders called on their members to mobilize against the measures designed to slash their buying power by two per cent. CGT chief Henri Krasucki went so far as to urge workers to make up their losses with new wage demands that are sure to undermine Delors' desperate bid to limit inflation to eight per cent this year. But the most discomfiting blast came from Edmond Maire, leader of the CFDT, who damned the government for abandoning its pledge to battle unemployment.

In an address to the Senate last week, Delors conceded that his projected zero growth rate means no more money to create new jobs. Worse, Delors admitted that anti-inflationary cutbacks will add at least another 100,000 to the unemployment rolls—now at more than two million—by the end of 1983. With that admission be banished the last vestiges of the rosy reflationary dream on which the French Socialist party sailed to power two years ago. With the collapse of its commitment to a utopian mix of Keynesian expansion, free-wheeling government spending and job creation, France has given up the struggle to swim against the prevailing international economic current. Declared a dejected Maire: "Now the left is governing just as the right did."

But the bitterest irony may be that, after finally capitulating to the international financial markets, President François Mitterrand's government once more finds itself the odd man out. As Delors sharply applied the brakes to the French economy, other Western finance ministers, easing an upturn, have begun to apply the gas. Indeed, some economists are already questioning whether Delors was wise to buckle under—a gamble that may cost France dearly in the long term. Said Tom Miller, managing director of Hudson Research Europe: "The austerity measures aren't really addressing France's most pressing problems, while they're threatening to repress the dynamism of the country's economy."

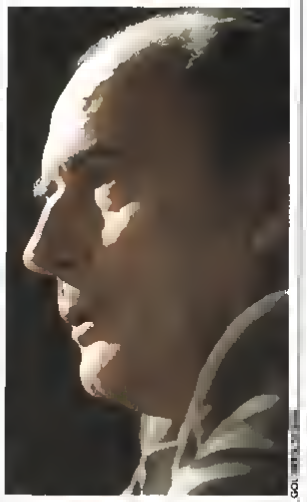
That price, exacted by the financial markets last month in return for limiting the scope of the third devaluation of the franc in 17 months, may mean that Delors has mortgaged the revolution's future in vain. In addition, he may have cost the Socialists their support from France's centre-left, which has become increasingly disaffected by a succession of measures so hastily concocted that they have added embarrassment to a sense of betrayal.

The latest and most extravagant example of bad policymaking is Delors' attack on the country's whopping $14.3-billion trade deficit: a $300 annual ceiling on the amount of foreign currency vacationing Frenchmen can take out of the country. Peddled as a psychological shock to "make people understand what a difficult situation we are in," it has in fact alienated the very middle-class and student population whose support the Socialists so badly need. As 5,000 placard-waving travel agents massed beneath Delors' office windows high in a wing of the Louvre, they mirrored the fury of an entire nation. Stiff European air tariffs mean that the currency allowance is barely enough for a weekend in Belgium.

The result in France this summer will likely be chaotic. Last week Roland Carraz, the junior minister of tourism, publicly expressed concern that the government might have to open up military bases and vacant schools to accommodate the crush. For their part, French hoteliers and resort owners even fear that foreign clients could stay away to avoid the crowds, at a heavy cost to France's currency earnings. Last year an estimated 30 million foreign visitors spent $1.78 billion more in France than French tourists spent abroad.

But the weightiest criticism is that the travel restrictions can be expected to shave no more than $1 billion from the total of $4.9 billion spent on foreign travel last year. Many economists estimate that the saving will be as little as half that figure. Meanwhile, leaders of the tourist industry predict that Delors' slimming measures will cost 9,000 jobs and $1.4 billion in lost billings.

Some French bankers fear that the restrictions could also lead to a black market for currency. Indeed, the left-wing daily *Libération* has already published tips on how to circumvent the controls. Its recommendations: currency trades with citizens of countries abroad, deferred credit arrangements for hotel payments, and a general cozying up to foreign friends who can provide food and lodging, "even if you haven't seen them in years."



Mitterrand (above); protesting travel agents: middle-class backlash

The uproar from the business community has already forced the government to concede to demands for a commercial travel allowance of $170 a day. But other loose ends remain: the problem of policing prepaid tourist packages and of the detested financial passports (*carnets de change*) to be issued to all French foreign travellers next month. Indeed, the details of the scheme already are so complex and cumbersome that there are reports the government is planning to hire the 9,000 workers laid off from the tourist business just to sort out what *Le Matin* dubbed "a case study of muddle."

Still, that muddle is a reminder that the foreign trade deficit—running at more than $1 billion a month in the first two months of this year—remains the country's Achilles heel. Mitterrand himself has dubbed it "insupportable" and pledged to wipe it out within two years. But his current determination has not diverted criticism that the root cause lies in the Socialists' post-election expansionary euphoria.

Buoyed by its own magnanimous social rhetoric, the party's reflationary spending spree boosted government and consumer spending by nearly three per cent. But that failed to stimulate a hoped-for industrial recovery. Instead, it encouraged a shopping binge that sucked in a wave of costly imports, exacerbating the balance of payments problem inherited from the outgoing centre-right government and pushing the franc farther on its downward spiral.

Now, Delors has set out to tighten the money supply and consumer credit, cut government spending by $2.8 billion and require taxpayers to "lend" the government an extra 10 per cent of their 1982 taxes in a reimbursable forced savings scheme which will reap $1.9 billion.



AVENTURIER/GAMMA LIAISON

Lament for France's staggering economy: death of the reflationary dream



HOGUET/SYGMA

over the next three years But the real purpose of cutting back buying power by two per cent is not only to shrink the current 9.2 inflation rate to a projected five per cent by 1984—closer in line with West Germany's three per cent It is also to rein in France's growth rate until it matches Bonn's own sober forecasts of zero That will certainly put a tourniquet on the currency hemorrhage

In the long term, however, the effects may be less beneficial Analysts warn of a possible stagnation of domestic demand Hudson's Miller claims that pegging French growth rates below West Germany's can only hurt "It's repressing the natural dynamics of the French economy, which has consistently grown more than the German economy over the past 20 years," he reasons Worse, none of the new measures addresses the source of the balance of payments shortfall—France's mushrooming trade deficit with West Germany, its major trading partner As another international economist lamented "It shows that the money markets have decided the Germans are right and so no one else can do anything that's out of line But the money markets have been wrong before"

Indeed, international speculation against the franc has been the chief cause of the failure of the Socialist dream It has drained away an estimated $10 billion in France's reserves in recent months Ever since Mitterrand swept to power two years ago next month, the conservative banking establishment has expressed its distrust of a regime that turned a blind eye to the bottom line in the cause of social justice and full employment The Socialists succeeded in holding unemployment at 8.9 per cent—a stunning success compared to the rocketing rates of West Germany (10.2 per cent), Britain (13) and their Atlantic partners But financial circles remained unimpressed Inflation was their target

Politics, too, has played a part Business confidence, both inside and outside France, was undermined by Mitterrand's inclusion of four Communists in his cabinet. The gesture immediately raised fears that they would deliver the entire Western arsenal of defence secrets into the Kremlin's hands. In reality, the move was an astute attempt to neutralize Communist criticism of government policies—and last week's expulsion of Soviet officials further calmed conservative nerves (page 29) At the same time, Mitterrand has failed to attain the industrial peace that his coalition with the Communists aimed to achieve

Such problems may place near-intolerable pressures on the soothing, pragmatic Delors. He was hailed on his appointment two years ago as a Socialist who could inspire international business trust. But it soon became clear that his views did not hold sway in cabinet, when Mitterrand bulldozed through the Socialists' enormously expensive scheme to nationalize banks and other key industries. The inept handling of the nationalization program only increased the impression that he was a lame duck Now, his success last month in restraining the third devaluation of the franc in 17 months may have come too late Moreover, his hastily assembled packet of measures to appease the exchange markets may fail to cure any of the economy's ills by attacking them all at once.

Indeed, while Delors is known for provocative gestures designed to give him room to manoeuvre, gambles like the foreign travel curbs may have left him little latitude Having alienated the government from voters in the centre, they have left Delors with an uneasy balancing act between appeasing the business sector, which remains skeptical, and keeping a restive labor movement in line.

Balancing acts have been the specialty of the 57-year-old Delors, who made his financial reputation at the Bank of France at the same time as he won his left-wing spurs for organizing its unions. But if he has now overextended himself, at least he will not have to expend much thought on his own vacation plans. This summer there is every likelihood that the finance minister will be fully occupied in his gilt office, watching as the discontented citizenry demonstrates below on the Palais Royals ✪



LAFFONT/SYGMA

Vacationers on the Riviera: a blunder

A wave of strikes by a new generation of militant immigrant workers, spearheaded by the CGT, caused the French automobile industry a production drop of 50,000 cars compared to last year. Last week, as new stoppages hit the ailing Citroën plant in the Paris suburb of Aulnay-Sous-Bois, there were fresh fears that the firm might be driven into bankruptcy—and thus nationalization. More generally, industrial unrest throughout the industry threatens the jobs of one in 10 Frenchmen. The assembly-line disruption is also blamed for sapping national confidence in the quality of cars made in France and boosting the sales of Japanese and U.S. imports. If the unions break openly with the government in order to appease their restive memberships, Mitterrand will have cavorted with the Communist party in vain.

The politics behind the spy charges

The children left first, brandishing bouquets and grins as they boarded two tour buses hired for the occasion Than came their parents, arms laden with last-minute shopping purchases and waving cheery farewells outside the Soviet Embassy's concrete bunker on the posh Boulevard Lannes in Paris. It might have been a holiday send-off. But minutes after their Aeroflot jet lifted off the runway at Charles de Gaulle Airport, French Interior Minister Gaston Defferre solemnly confirmed what reporters had known for hours: President François Mitterrand had just expelled 47 Soviet diplomats, journalists, trade counsellors and their families The precise reasons ignited rounds of speculation, including suggestions of clever politicking by the French government But there was no doubt that it was the most spectacular expulsion of Iron Curtain spies from the West since Britain threw out 105 Soviets in 1971

Three days later the Kremlin retaliated by ousting Moscow-based British air attaché Squadron Leader David Williams and Anthony Robinson, the correspondent of the *Financial Times* The scale of the reprisals was modest compared to France's move, but the Kremlin bitterly denounced Mitterrand's act as "an absolutely arbitrary action under obviously fabricated pretexts"

As the shock of the dramatic expulsion receded amid reports that the Soviets had obtained sensitive state information, speculation about motives turned to political concerns. Government sources indicated that the real reason for the crackdown on the 47 —intelligence agents had been watching all of them for some time— was a canny calculation by Mitterrand First, he wanted to send a signal of reassurance to his allies before next month's summit of seven industrial nations in Williamsburg, Va He may also have hoped to divert his electorate from the outrage over his government's draconian austerity measures

The government initially denounced the 47 as members of a tightly organized espionage network transmitting key high technology and defence secrets, such as developments for a mini-neutron bomb and a new surface-to-surface missile French press reports claimed that nearly one-third of the country's high-technology secrets have already been stolen by the Soviet Union, a country that, according to former interior minister Michel Poniatowski, has some 10,000 spies in France, controlled by some 600 KGB agents. The expulsions were linked to the arrest a week earlier of Patrick Guerrier, a 25-year-old librarian at the nationalized coal board who was charged with passing photocopied nuclear energy documents to a Soviet diplomat, apparently out of sheer friendship The network was first rumored to be tied to the four other Soviet citizens ordered out of Europe on spying charges this month—three last week from Britain and one from Spain



CHAUVEL/SYGMA

Departing Soviets: a good show

Press speculation also connected the crackdown to the mysterious murder of a senior French counterespionage officer, Lt.-Col Bernard Nut, who was found facedown in the snow on a quiet mountain road north of Nice on Feb 15 with a partly loaded revolver lying nearby Nut was reported to have been instrumental in uncovering the Bulgarian secret service connection in the assassination attempt on the Pope But as U.S. and European authorities quickly denied any role in the affair and French officials conceded that the expulsions were not triggered by a single case, it became clear that the theatricality of the gesture was in part motivated by what the Kremlin denounced as "political reasons"

By personally choreographing the move, Mitterrand sent an obvious signal not only to Moscow but to his allies that, despite the retention of four Communists in his reshuffled cabinet, France is still committed to the West. But at the same time the expulsion gives him leverage to exact concessions from the United States over such explosive issues as trading with the Eastern Bloc, which prompted Washington's disastrous embargo on material for the Siberian gas pipeline last year It is also seen as setting the stage for NATO's annual spring meeting, which will be held June 9 in Paris for the first time since former president Charles de Gaulle pulled out of the alliance high command in 1966

Finally, the gesture certainly will not harm the French government's attempts to win over the viscerally conservative international money markets, on whom it now depends to avoid a fourth devaluation of the franc

Although the deportations will prompt an accelerated end to the "special" Franco-Soviet relationship first forged by de Gaulle two decades ago, Mitterrand clearly gauged that worth the risk. But the heaviest fallout may yet rain on Mitterrand's uneasy coalition with the French Communist Party, which was caught off guard by the dragnet With the expulsions, Mitterrand has slyly slipped a thorn into Communist Party Leader Georges Marchais' side The party leadership is already divided about remaining in a coalition where it is forced to swallow a distasteful foreign policy and brave the growing unpopularity of the government's austerity measures among its working-class supporters By providing the Communists with ammunition for an eventual break, Mitterrand has paved the way for the day when a natural parting may be necessary Meanwhile, the expulsions left the Communists effectively muzzled and silenced the opposition parties At a time when the French media was in an uproar over the nation's new vacation spending limits, Mitterrand effectively pulled off a cloak-and-dagger divertissement on the home front that allowed him to reinforce his role as a tough decision-maker and, of course, as a true patriot.

—MARCI MCDONALD *in Paris.*

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Thai soldiers near the embattled Kampuchean frontier: 'classic recipe for a coup'

KAMPUCHEA

Vietnam's latest offensive

Phnom Chat was typical of many Khmer Rouge bases on the border between Thailand and Kampuchea, a military stronghold surrounded by a cluster of small villages nestling in dense jungle. The occupants consisted of about 3,000 guerrillas and 30,000 civilians who eked out a living from international agency handouts, trade in handicrafts with Thailand and the meagre crops that they cultivated in their sunless plots. But last week Phnom Chat ceased to exist. Following their traditional artillery barrage, Vietnamese ground troops moved in and drove off the defenders. The civilians, many of them Kampuchean refugees, were left to straggle to new sanctuaries deeper inside Thailand.

The Vietnamese attack was one of two strikes at coalition forces ranged against the Hanoi-backed government in the Kampuchean capital of Phnom Penh. As Thai troops moved to meet the threat at Phnom Chat, a second Vietnamese column overwhelmed resistance at Sihanoukville, 200 km to the north, headquarters of guerrillas loyal to Prince Norodom Sihanouk, removing his main territorial claim to legitimacy—the base was situated about four kilometres inside Kampuchea.

In a swift protest to the United Nations, the Thai government claimed that the fighting was the worst since Vietnamese forces ousted the Kampuchean government of Pol Pot in 1979. As Thais demonstrated outside the Vietnamese Embassy in Bangkok, Thailand's allies condemned the Vietnamese incursion. To underline the point Washington ordered a speedup of arms shipments already destined for Thailand.

Thai authorities reported that skirmishing was continuing, but the toll of casualties seemed comparatively light. At Phnom Chat five Thai soldiers were reported to have been killed and 10 injured. Vietnamese losses were also thought to be light. Khmer Rouge casualties, however, were reported to be "heavy." At Sihanoukville most of the defenders escaped after they "moved into Thailand with some haste," as a Western diplomat put it. The main victims were the refugees. In all, about 50,000 were displaced, with hundreds injured and roughly 200 killed.

Some Westerners speculated that Hanoi hoped to soften up Khmer Rouge resistance before the end of the dry season next month in order to make it easier for Hanoi to carry out promised troop withdrawals from Kampuchea. As for the Thais, the theory was that reports of the fighting were embellished for internal reasons. The armed forces took a political battering last month when they attempted to block changes in the constitution that will remove much of their political clout. "By harping on the fighting, they're hoping to remind the electorate that they are vital to the country's stability," said one Thai official. Other Thais believed that the publicity given to the border fighting was more sinister. "The combination of internal instability and border problems," one professor commented last week, "is the classic recipe for a coup." Despite the continued presence of Vietnamese troops on Thai soil, the biggest threat to the country's new democratic institutions seemed to be internal, not external.

—PAUL QUINN-JUDGE in *Bangkok*.

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UPI

Republican Senator Domenici, widespread disenchantment with Reagan

THE UNITED STATES

Reagan's setback on defence

Shortly before Congress recessed for Easter, President Ronald Reagan pressured Senate budget committee Chairman Pete Domenici to defer action on the administration's proposed fiscal 1984 budget. The reason was that the House of Representatives had already voted to slash the president's request for an extra 10 per cent in military spending to less than three per cent. And, for bargaining purposes, the White House wanted time to persuade the Senate panel to settle on a much larger number before the two bodies met for a compromise.

Yet, as Congress reconvened last week, members of the budget committee were reportedly disappointed by a perceived intransigence on Reagan's part. With no sign of compromise coming from the administration, committee members dug in for a fight. The administration's hopes for anything close to the 10-per-cent figure rapidly turned as dismal as the leaden skies over the capital. For two days leaders of both parties trooped up to the Oval Office, but the negotiations proved fruitless. Because of lower inflation and reduced fuel prices, Reagan was prepared to settle for a nine-per-cent hike in spending. However, the senators dismissed the proposal and warned the president that there was simply no consensus—in committee or in their constituencies—in favor of even that figure. Indeed, the blunt tidings were that the administration would be doing well to win six per cent from the budget panel. Not only that, but the figure was certain to be further reduced during conference committee compromises with the House later this year. New Mexico Republican Domenici, an astute reader of the political sands, advised the president to cite a number he could accept or let the Senate name a number for him.

When Reagan did not take the bait last week, Domenici voted with the committee to permit only a five-per-cent increase in 1984 military outlays. The Senate panel decisively defeated the original Reagan request 19 to 2 and also turned back Texas Republican John Tower's compromise measure for an eight-per-cent defence hike in 1984, with larger increases in future fiscal years.

Minutemen silos, systems threatened



HANSEN/GAMMA-LIAISON

Politically, the bipartisan vote was a serious defeat for Reagan, coming as it did from a Senate body controlled by his own party. He immediately issued a statement calling the vote "deeply disappointing" and began lobbying to change congressional minds before the full Senate takes up the issue later this month. The odds are emphatically against him. Of the 12 Republicans on the committee, only four opposed the five-per-cent standard.

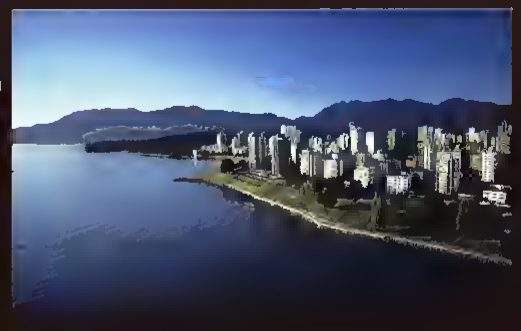
In real terms, the panel's decision will not significantly affect military spending next year. But, if its plan for a five-per-cent growth after inflation for five years is endorsed by future legislators, it would strip billions from military appropriations and threaten several weapons systems, including construction of nuclear submarines, air force bombers and helicopters.

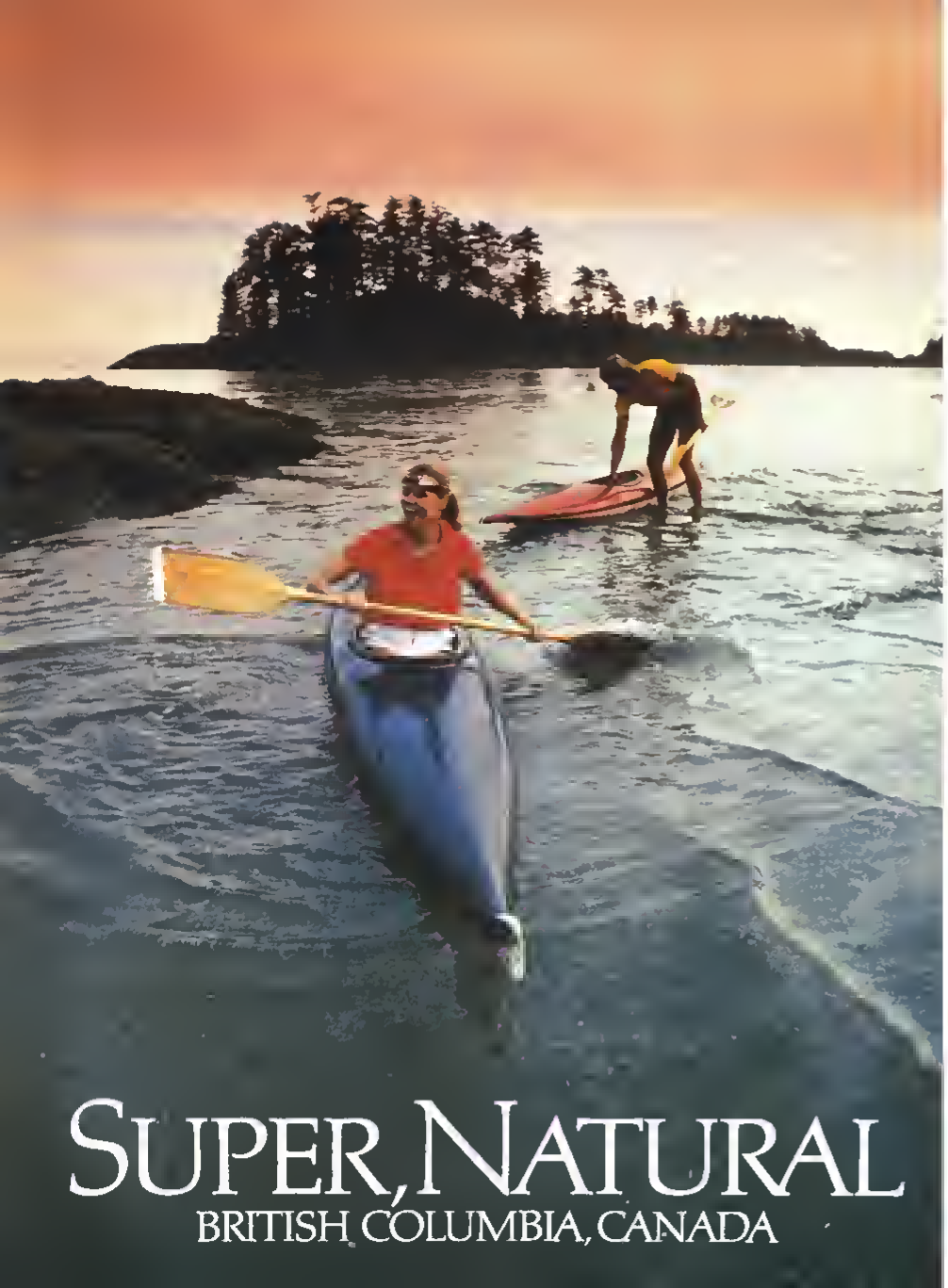
Reagan's principal problem, however, lies as much in the country at large as in Congress. The long recession, steep levels of unemployment and soaring federal debts have eroded the national consensus for significant increases in defence spending. "People don't want a weak defence," observed Iowa Republican Charles Grassley last week, "but they just don't think we can afford the president's budget." Even hard-core Iowa conservatives, said Grassley, told him to cut the waste from military spending.

The president had hoped to use the 10-day Easter recess to build popular support for the higher spending levels. But, while his prime-time addresses, news conferences and speeches were well-received, they had no discernible impact on public opinion. Commented Rhode Island Republican Senator John H. Chafee: "I don't think the blitz has blitzed." In fact, a poll released last month by the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations (CCFR) recorded a sharp drop in domestic support for a stronger defence. In 1978 only 16 per cent recommended defence cuts; in 1982, with the recession in full swing, the figure had increased to 24 per cent. At the same time, the CCFR poll showed that in 1982 more Americans (42 per cent compared with 26 per cent in 1978) believed that the United States and the Soviet Union are roughly equal in overall military might.

On another front, the administration won a slight reprieve last week from other formidable critics of its security policies. The nation's Roman Catholic bishops released the final draft of their

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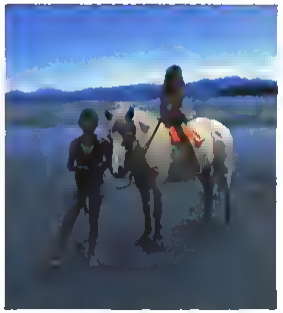
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controversial pastoral letter on nuclear arms. The document backed away from the rigorous antinuclear language of earlier texts. Where the bishops had formerly called for a complete halt to the production of nuclear weapons, they now suggested a curb on and a reduction of current arsenals. More significantly, perhaps, the bishops no longer oppose battlefield use of nuclear devices. Instead, under pressure from the administration and colleagues in Europe and the Vatican itself, the bishops now concede that, in some cases, limited defensive use of such weapons would not be immoral.

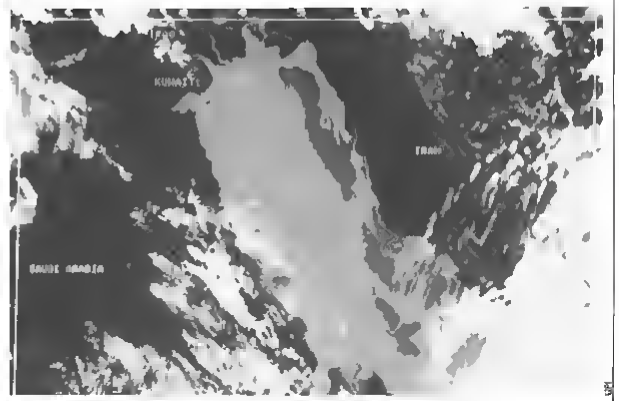
The 150-page document, scheduled to be formally accepted as U.S. Catholic teaching at a meeting in Chicago next month, also contains new sections citing the Soviets for their contribution to the arms race. Although the letter is not binding on church members, the Reagan administration had feared that the bishops' opposition might threaten Republican fortunes in the 1984 election. The state department welcomed the revised draft as a substantial improvement over earlier versions and an important contribution to the public discussion.

The bishops' retreat is not, however, the end of the nuclear arms controversy. Major battles loom over a nuclear freeze resolution in Congress, over the confirmation of Kenneth Adelman, the president's nominee to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and over the MX missile. A special presidential commission this week will make its final submission on how to base the MX. The most probable recommendation: deployment of 100 MX missiles in existing Minuteman silos hardened to withstand attack. At the same time, the United States would proceed to develop a smaller, more mobile ballistic weapon. More immediately, the White House faces the prospect of Senate rejection of the Adelman nomination. Such a loss would constitute a stinging rebuke to the administration's arms control strategies.

In the face of all the critical skirmishes, the president is hampered by limited support in Congress and a sagging standing in public opinion polls. At week's end, White House offices intimated that the president may be finally ready to compromise. In the wake of the worst budget defeat of his term of office, the president may consider offering Congress a deal using nonmilitary spending proposals. Still, he may only be able to hope that he loses gracefully—but not too soon and not too easily—so that surrender looks more like shared victory than outright defeat. It is a delicate manoeuvre, but few would bet against Reagan's ability to bring it off. —MICHAEL POSNER *in Washington.*

THE PERSIAN GULF

The slick in the war zone



Satellite view of the spill: a disastrous delay in capping the wells

At peak periods the oil wells that ring the Persian Gulf have served as taps for a giant pool that supplied as much as 31 per cent of the West's total consumption. That rate has diminished in recent years because of the oil glut, but now a different kind of flow threatens the lake of petrodollars that floats the economies of the gulf states: a giant oil spill covering more than 7,500 square miles whose cleanup has been delayed by the war between Iran and Iraq.

The source of the disaster was Iran's war-ravaged Nowruz oilfields. As many as 7,000 barrels of black crude a day bubbled from two offshore rigs, threatening the entire region with an ecological disaster. A series of terry patches drifted down the length of the gulf, nudged on by a northwest wind known as the *shamal*. At week's end the slick had spread over an area nearly four times the size of Prince Edward Island. Its course threatened not just the marine environment but also the vital desalinization plants and coastal industries that dot the Arabian peninsula.

The exact cause of the spill remains unclear. Some oil experts attributed it to lack of maintenance in the 31 months that Iran has been at war with Iraq. However, in Tehran the Iranian government was quick to blame Iraqi shelling. But one point was not in doubt: the war was responsible for a disastrous delay in tackling the leak. Officials in Tehran quickly mustered a team of oil-well specialists, but the crews refused to move in until the warring nations had agreed on a temporary local ceasefire. While Iraq was quick to respond, Iran rejected the suggestion. Both sides simply agreed in principle to co-operate in cleaning up the spill. The lack of commitment related to fears on both sides that the other would use a temporary ceasefire to redeploy its forces.

The stalemate reflected conditions in the war itself: a series of costly battles ebbing and flowing among the strategic oil installations at the head of the gulf. Iraq favors a general ceasefire that would end a $1 billion a year drain on its resources. Iran, for its part, last week suggested that it would not rule out the possibility of a suspension of hostilities. Meanwhile, the other threatened gulf states tried to limit the damage. Regional environmental councils met in week-long sessions to devise a solution.

To be sure, the slick was smaller than the massive pool caused by the spill at Mexico's Ixtoc 1 well in 1979, when 30,000 barrels a day spewed into the Gulf of Mexico for almost five months. But because the Persian Gulf is a small, almost completely contained sea, dispersal of the slick will be difficult. Not only that, but Iranian Deputy Prime Minister Reza Mirza Taheri warned last week that it could take 20 days to plug the wells after repairs begin. Another issue still to be settled is who will pay for a cleanup. Iranian officials say that the country responsible for creating the pollution is liable, an obvious reference to Iraq. But that claim is sure to be contested. Indeed, the wrangling over the oil spill could prove as lengthy and as costly as the interminable Gulf War itself.

—JARED MITCHELL *in Toronto, with correspondents' reports.*

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BRITAIN

The great Express heist



Plundered control centre, the job had all the hallmarks of expert planning

Just before 7 a.m. on a rainy Eseter Monday, security guard Greg Counsell emerged from his fortified control centre at London's "Fort Knox"—the Shoreditch hsedquarters of Security Express—to retrieve a pint of milk from the main gate. To his surprise, 14 armed men in disguises overpowered him and, after a strikingly lengthy stey of eight hours, escaped from the cash vault with at least $13 million. It was the largest cash haul in the history of British crime. Scotland Yard, desperate for a lead, gave its blessing to a reward of $900,000, posted by Lloyd's of London underwriters, for information leading to the identification and conviction of the thieves.

Like the 1963 Great Train Robbery, the raid had all the hallmarks of meticulous and expert planning. The gang members, armed with sawed-off shotguns, dressed themselves in the green boiler suits of Security Express employees, complete with the company's official crest. Two even disguised their faces with monkey masks bought in a novelty shop.

After overpowering Counsell, the gang circumvented video eameres scanning the complex and the alarms linked to the cash vaults. Four hours later seven other security staff arrived for duty, and they too were overpowered. Then the gang doused the guard in charge of the keys and codes for the security system with gasoline, threatening to turn him into a human torch unless he handed them over.

Once inside the vaults the gang ignored $1.9 million in hsavy coinage and plungad into piles of green bags containing used notes that Security Express had collected from London stores before Easter. By 3 p.m. the gang had loaded five tonnes of notes of all denominations into three vans. Then they drove off through the quiet London streets. It was 90 minutes before a guard managed to free himself and alert police.

As police began checking the early responses to the reward offer, their speculation focused on a half-dozen notorious criminal families based in the tough, traditional dockland area south of the River Thames. Police believe that those families masterminded many of the 1,772 armed robberies committed in London last yser, a 400-per-cent increase over 1981 and a staggering 3,000-per-cent increase during the past 10 years.

So far, the elite criminals have managed to stey one step ahead of police, and Scotland Yard says that it is unlikely that any of them actually took part in the Security Express robbery. But as one senior detective said: "It is almost impossible to keep such a secret. A robbery of this size is bound to lead to friction, jealousies and vendettas." Still, the investigation is likely to take time. It was five months before the Great Train Robbers were brought to trial, and one of them, Ronald Biggs, is still at large after a jailbreak. Lset week no one at Scotland Yard wse prepared to bet that cracking the Easter eaper at Security Express will be any easier.

—IAN MATHER in *London*.



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JORDAN

A fruitless search for Arab unity

When Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization chief Yasser Arafat met in Amman last week to discuss the king's reluctant role in the Middle East peace process, there was a new sense of urgency after months of caution. Hussein sought to negotiate on the PLO's behalf. But despite an atmosphere described in one official statement as "brotherly and constructive," the two leaders failed to agree on a common position after 10 hours of talks. Both moderates and hard-liners in the PLO continue to fear that the organization is being squeezed out of its role as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians. Said Arsfat's second in command, Salah Khalaf. "It is impossible to authorize anyone to speak or negotiate in the name of the PLO."

The peace formula that Hussein promoted, the Reagan plan, appeared to be in peril. The scheme calls for a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza Strip, based on association with Jordan. But, because the initiative rules out the possibility of a fully independent Palestinian state, the PLO has been unable to accept it.

At the same time, however, the PLO needs to be involved in the process and has carefully avoided outright rejection of the Reagan plan. Despite Khalaf's strong statement, talks will continue in an attempt to define a negotiating position for Hussein, who wants to bring a non-PLO team of Palestinians to the table with the Americans and Israelis. But if the PLO kept its options open, it was also increasingly cynical about Washington's inability to convince Israel to accept the Reagan plan.

If nothing is resolved between Hussein and Arsfat, the PLO's next move will likely come during an Arab summit conference proposed for later this month by Morocco's King Hassan II. That summit will probably offer a slightly modified, if not renewed, version of last September's Fez summit proposals—that there be an independent Palestinian state and implicit recognition of Israel's right to exist.

For his part, Hussein may try to develop a new initiative of his own, if only to stem the flood of Palestinian refugees now entering Jordan as a result of Israel's settlement program on the West Bank. But unless the Arabs can arrive at a consensus shortly, the peacemaking process may lose what little momentum it retains.

—JARED MITCHELL *in Toronto, with Julie Flint in Beirut.*



Cummings, Thicke, and (below) singer Carroll Baker at the Junos: a classy show?

PEOPLE

Winning 11 Junos over the past four years was not enough to convince **Anne Murray** to appear at the nationally televised Canadian music awards ceremony last week in Toronto. In fact, Canada's most popular contralto was a no-show for the seventh year in a row. Although she has used every excuse from pregnancy to a tour of Australia, this year Murray's manager, **Leonard Rambeau**, admitted that the absence was planned. Murray had to be "in the right place at the right time," he said—in this case at home with her children in Thornhill, Ont. "We don't think it made good TV and we try to associate her with class," explained Rambeau. Back in Toronto, "class" was provided by the likes of musical giants **Count Basie** and **Oscar Peterson**, who appeared to hand out jazz awards. Hosts **Burton Cummings** and **Alan Thicke** did their best to be tasteful at the podium as the Vancouver new wave group **The Payola$** picked up four Junos and **Lovarboy** was named group of the year. With a change in judging procedures in the "most promising" categories, performers were finally chosen for their sound and not their record sales. Supposed newcomers **Kim Mitchell** (late of **Max Webster**) and **Lydia Taylor**, both of whom have been in the business for nearly a decade, were given the nod by a panel of 12 music writers and broadcasters—who remained nameless as a safeguard against influence peddling. Said Taylor: "I just hope I would never take things like this for granted."



STEVE RENAL

Rough Trade's unctuous lead singer, **Carole Pope**, displaced Murray as the best female vocalist of the year with a simple "Thank you all for your good taste." Offstage, when she was asked what winning the Juno might do for her career, Pope dryly intoned, "I don't think there is a bank commercial in my future."

If time is not traditionally kind to rock musicians, the past few years have been particularly cruel to **Burton Cummings**. The image of the lean, **Jim Morrison**-like performer who led Canada's top rock band of the late 1960s, **The Guess Who**, was all but destroyed by his appearance at the Juno Awards last week. Quite simply, Cummings is fat; so fat that for the band's reunion this June in Toronto he and his portly partners, guitarist **Randy Bachman**, 38, bassist **Jim Kale**, 39, and drummer **Garry Peterson**, 37, have pledged to lose 160 lb. collectively. Following the much-ballyhooed reunion announcement this month, the promoter, Concert Productions International, was hoping to keep the publicity ball rolling with a photo session last week. But **John Rowlands**, the band's photographer and friend, says that Cummings, 35, cancelled it on two hours' notice after he had seen a videotape of the Junos. "When I shot Burton last," says Rowlands, "he was 162 lb. Now he has to be close to 230. Randy was always big, but now he's probably pushing 270. That's a lot of pounds to lose." But "when those two apply their will to something, they usually succeed," he added. The rewards, of course, are health *and* wealth. For two nights onstage and a pay TV movie, The Guess Who will collect about $600,000.

It has been seven years since **Louisa Lasser** first crawled out of a kitchen cupboard to face the daily tribulations of life in **Norman Lear**'s off-the-wall soap opera, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. As a bewildered housewife who lurched from catastrophe to catastrophe in suburban Fernwood, Ohio, spouting platitudes from *Reader's Digest*, Lasser attracted a huge cult following. She was so true to her dimwit role that when the show went off the air in July, 1977, the exhausted actress admitted that she was having trouble distinguishing herself offscreen from Mary Hartman. Since then, Lasser, now 44, has appeared in films such as her ex-husband **Woody Allen**'s *Stardust Memories* and on television in ABC's sitcom about waitresses, *Making a Living*. However, the re-release of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* may well give an unexpected boost to her career. Embassy Telecommunications sold all 325 episodes of the original half-hour program to 76 U.S. television stations in three months. Last week roughly 136 million U.S. and Canadian viewers were given the opportunity to once again watch Lasser agonize over everything from her husband's impotence to waxy yellow buildup. As for the timing, Publicity Director **Barry Stagg** explained with Hartman logic: "We don't know why. It just seems to make sense."

—EDITED BY BARBARA RIGHTON

Lasser as Mary: a return to waxy yellow buildup



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SPACE VEHICLE!

The expansionary designs of Dylex

By James Fleming

At first glance the two executives appear to be an unlikely corporate team. Seated in the finely appointed confines of his Toronto office, James Kay, the 60-year-old chairman of Dylex Ltd., seems to harbor a sense of mirth that, despite serious moments, constantly threatens to erupt into a flash of wit. Beside him, Wilfred Posluns, president of the firm, exudes an authoritative air, reinforced by his imposing physical stature. But as the two men discuss the fortunes of Dylex, Canada's largest specialty clothing operation, a special chemistry flows between them. It is a mutually reinforcing energy that has helped propel the company and its ubiquitous clothing stores along a stunning growth trajectory throughout its 16-year history.

From their mahogany-panelled offices in the 53-year-old Tip Top Tailors building on Toronto's waterfront, Kay and Posluns run a nationwide empire with controlling or partial interest in nine textile manufacturing concerns and a 921-store web of retail clothing chains under 13 names, aimed at the wide spectrum of consumer tastes. The operations range from the Ontario-based B.H. Emporium, with its pulsating, eclectic ambience designed for teenagers, to the more sophisticated styles of the Fairweather, Braemar, Tip Top, Town and Country, and Harry Rosen chains. Now, brimming with cash from a recent share issue that raised more than $25 million, the company is developing plans for further expansion in both Canada and the United States.

Stock analysts are enthralled by the performance of Dylex during the recent 18-month recession. At a time when retailers in general suffered severely and industry-wide sales of men's and women's clothing levelled off or declined, Dylex actually boosted its market share and profits to a record high. Combined profits for the company, including its partially owned affiliates, reached $17 million last year on total sales of nearly $900 million. At the same time, it cornered 11 per cent of the men's market and roughly 10 per cent of the women's, a feat that far outstripped other specialty retailers and moved Dylex into a league in which its main competitors are large department stores.

Retail analyst Susan Keohane of Wood Gundy Ltd. attributes much of Dylex's success to its "wide range of stores that appeal to a broad cross section of consumers." Indeed, not only do its chains span the spectrum from brash emporiums to up-scale outlets aimed at wealthier customers, but bargain hunters are flocking to its Bi-Way stores for goods as diverse as peanuts, cosmetics and clothing. Describing Bi-Way as "enormously successful," Posluns pointed out that it has yet to saturate the Ontario market but will eventually expand across Canada.



STEVE BENAI

Kay: a cut above the competition

There is more than clever customer appeal behind Dylex's success, however. Ross Cowan, a McLeod Young Weir Ltd. analyst, credits Dylex's management with the decision to "swim against the tide of the recession by stepping up promotion and advertising." For his part, Posluns maintains that "a successful merchant cannot allow himself the luxury of blaming economic conditions for failing to perform." He adds, "I may sound like a macho coach of a college football team who bullies his players, but it is amazing how much can be achieved when an organization is dedicated to performance."

Both Kay and Posluns rhymed off several other explanations for their firm's good fortunes, stressing in particular the benefits of weekly head-office gatherings in which executives of the various chains share insights and advice. But there is little doubt that much of Dylex's momentum stems from the synergistic combination that Kay and Posluns bring to the organization.

Analysts and business associates alike describe Kay, who rarely grants interviews, as an unassuming but extremely shrewd businessman with great mental acuity. At board meetings he has impressed colleagues with almost total recall. He is also noted for his tremendous energy. Jack Gwartz, vice-chairman of Shoppers Drug Mart Ltd., describes Kay as "a very bubbly, charismatic guy who is always on the move." Born in Winnipeg (his Jewish grandparents emigrated there from the Soviet Union in the late 19th century), Kay took over his father's small industrial textile business after serving in the Canadian Army in the Second World War. Within a few years he had founded a plastics firm called Mastex, which he developed into Canada's largest manufacturer of garbage and dry cleaning bags. In 1958 he sold out to Canadian Industries Ltd. and worked as an executive with the Montreal-based firm until 1964, when he left to run his own investments.

The rewarding relationship between Kay and Posluns began by chance in 1966 when both men became interested in Tip Top Tailors, then a money-losing company owned by the Dunkelman family of Toronto. Posluns was trying to acquire the firm's building to house his family's flourishing clothing manufacturing operations, and Kay wanted to buy out Tip Top's operations and add them to his holdings, which already included Fairweather. But, said Posluns, Benjamin Dunkelman was not interested in the advances of "this guy from Winnipeg" because he did not do business with people whom he did not know.

Then, as a friend of Dunkelman's, Posluns gained an entrée. And after an extended lunch at the Lord Simcoe Hotel, Posluns and Kay decided to jointly buy out Tip Top and merge their businesses. The result was Dylex, an acronym originally coined by Kay from "Damn your lousy excuses."

Within a year Tip Top's operations, which continued under the new umbrella company, were making money. And in the past 16 years Dylex's retail operations have expanded from two chains with 70 stores into 10 divisions operating 921 stores and a bevy of manufacturing concerns.

For Kay, Dylex is now the linchpin in a personal financial empire that includes North Canadian Oils Ltd., Hatleigh Corp., an investment holding company, and Foodex Inc., which runs such chains as Ponderosa Steak House and Frank Vetere's Pizzaria. Dylex clearly benefits from Kay's business acumen, but Posluns is credited with maintaining a tight grip over the operations of the company. As Kay put it, "Wilf is a fierce disciplinarian" in controlling inventories and operating expenses. But detractors contend that some employees have suffered as a result of Dylex's efforts to keep costs down. Currently, 43 employees who were laid off without severance pay when Dylex shut down its Canadian Clothiers division in Toronto have taken their case to the Ontario labor ministry. For his part, Posluns pointed out that most of the employees at the operation were given jobs elsewhere and that the plant was shut down because of its costly, outmoded techniques. The alternative was to purchase textiles overseas.

Such ripples aside, Dylex has ambitious plans for expansion in the next 10 years. Kay foresees that sales will easily break through the $1-billion level this year and reach the $4- to $5-billion range by 1993. This year Dylex plans to open 50 new stores in Canada. And for the first time, said Posluns, the company is in a financial position to make a major acquisition in the U.S. market. A number of factors are working in Dylex's favor. For one thing, says Ira Katzin, a merchandising expert with Pitfield MacKay Ross Ltd., consumer psychology is improving, and Dylex will be well placed to cash in on the resurgence in demand. But the real basis of Dylex's success will continue to be the entrepreneurial talents of the odd corporate couple—Kay and Posluns.



A goodbye gift from Dome Pete

It was somehow fitting that Jack Gallagher, the onetime king of the Alberta Oil Pateh, managed to turn his previously announced retirement into a surprise. Late last week it was revealed that Gallagher had stepped down as the chief executive officer of the beleaguered Dome Petroleum Ltd.—s move that eame five months earlier than he had planned. The decision wss given added impact by the revelation that Dome's directors had awarded Gallagher a handsome $2 64-million severance package.

Gallagher said that he moved up his retirement date from the firm he founded 33 years ago to allow s more gradusl transition in the company's management. His action coincided with the disclosure by *The Toronto Star* that Gallagher will receive $330,000 annually for the first eight years of his retirement. The settlement was revealed in documents filed by Dome with the United States Securities & Exchanga Commiseion.

By any measure it is a lucrative settlement from the company Gallagher started with $250,000 in seed capital and turned into an empire with annual revenues of $1 billion. In fact, the size of the deal raised some eyebrows, since Dome has been in serious financial trouble for more than a year. A Dome director said recently that Gallagher's resignation was the result of indirect pressure from the firm's Canadian lenders.

While Gallagher will remain as Dome's chairman for the time being and be available as a consultant, the firm's seven-member executive committee—headed by director Frederick (Wick) Sellers—will act as Dome's interim chief executive officer. Dome also announced on Friday that a rumored favorite for Gallagher's replacement, Vice-President John Beddome, had been mede executive vice-president and chief operating officer.

As for Dome's future direction, some light was shed by the U.S. securities document. In it, the oil company suggests that it may sell "a substantial portion" of its shares in Dome Mines Ltd. in a bid to pay off some of its massive $7 5-billion debt. But such a move could create problems with creditors because Dome Petroleum's holdings in Dome Mines are pledged as collateral against numerous loans. In any ease, it is unlikely that the oil company will be able to move without the creditors' permission. And for the moment they are having great difficulty agreeing on anything. —IAN AUSTEN *in Toronto.*



Pocklington: defiant, though his financial record has come under assault

A business empire unravels

On the edge of downtown Calgary there is a prominent reminder of the troubles plaguing Peter Pocklington's business empire. Just across an empty lot from the local high rollers' 400 Club is a crimson brick building completed last year by Pocklington's Patrician Land Corp. The construction workers left long ago, but the tower's 11 floors are empty, and the building's mortgages continue to run up interest charges of $1 million a year.

While the building is a silent reminder, the general problems afflicting Patrician's parent company—Fidelity Trustco Ltd., the country's 12th-largest trust company—and a Pocklington-owned oil company, now in receivership, have had much greater impact. Ironically, the financier's business setbacks are surfacing precisely when Pocklington is campaigning for the Conservative party leadership on the basis that his business record will enable him to be a good prime minister.

Indeed, when Pocklington announced last month that he was seeking the Tory leadership, he attempted to demonstrate his seriousness by announcing that all his business holdings—except for his two professional sports teams, the National Hockey League Edmonton Oilers and the Edmonton Trappers, a baseball farm team with the Chicago White Sox—were for sale. But critics are now asking whether the current sell-off is really motivated by disinterested objectives.

In fact, last week it was learned that the federal government imposed an unusual two-week licence on Fidelity—the financial cornerstone of Pocklington's empire. That action means that Pocklington has either to inject the firm with sorely needed capital (experts estimate that it needs at least $16 million to $17 million) by the government's deadline, or sell it. Said Richard Page, director of the trust and loan division of the federal insurance department: "It's a serious situation but it's not in imminent peril." What concerns Page and his department is the current ratio of Fidelity's capital (which includes customer deposits) to its borrowing. The firm's licence requires that the company's borrowing never exceed 20 times its capital base. But the decline in Alberta's once-glamorous real estate market has soured the fortunes of Patrician and dragged Fidelity's consolidated earnings downward. As a result, the trust company has been borrowing beyond its authorized limit since late last year. Then, when it appeared that Fidelity was not able to work the problem out, Ottews moved in with its two-week deadline.

For his part, Pocklington insists that "there is no problem with the company, period." He says that two potential buyers, likely the Toronto-based Extendicare Ltd. and Triple Five Corp. of Edmonton, have put in bids for Fidelity. But if their offers do not succeed or are not concluded before the government's deedline date, Pocklington says that he is prepered to inject new capital into the firm. Still, few experts dispute that Fidelity's problems are a result of the way it was managed since Pocklington bought it in 1979 for $6 9 million in cash and $8 million in preferred shares. Within weeks of the purchase, Fidelity bought out Pocklington's privately owned real estate operation, Patrician Land Corp., for $21 1 million. In the beginning it appeared to be smart strategy. In 1981 the trust side of Fidelity lost $1 7 million, but, because of its new real estate arm, the company as a whole earned an $11 4-million profit.

The situation turned sour last year. Final numbers are not yet available, despite the fact that the department of insurance required them on March 1, though Pocklington estimates that Fidelity will lose $8 million in 1982.

Fidelity's bad times have also caused legal troubles. Records at the Alberta Court of Queen's Bench in Calgary list 19 outstanding lawsuits against Patrician. Many of them are a result of the firm's plans to develop about 3,000 acres of land near the Rocky Mountain community of Canmore, Alta., into a resort centre before the start of the 1988 Winter Olympics. As well, Calgary-based developer Barnieh Investments Ltd. is suing for the return of a $1.4-million cash and land down payment that it made to Patrician for an office building that was never constructed. Still, Pocklington denies that the current Patrician-Fidelity situation in any way reflects on his business skills. The blame, he says, lies with federal government policies—particularly the National Energy Program—"which have drained Alberta."

But there is one element of the business empire that even Pocklington will acknowledge is unhealthy: Capri Drilling (Canada) Ltd. Last month Capri went into receivership, with debts of about $17 million. Much of the debt arose from the financing of three wells drilled since last fall. Ralph Sinclair

Canadian Government Office of Tourism / Office de Tourisme du Canada

SPRING IN CANADA.

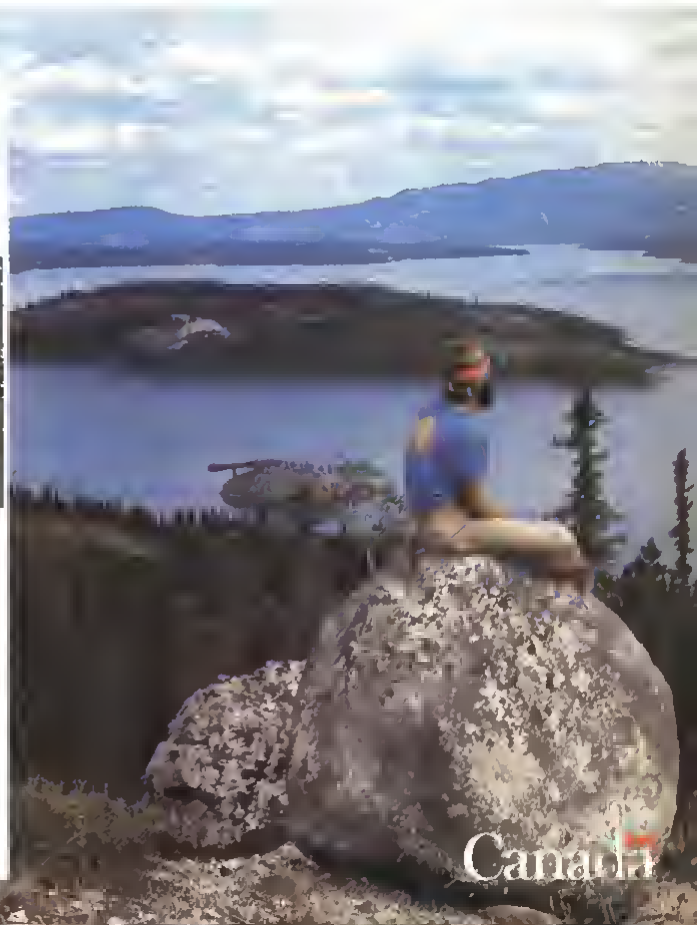


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(whose firm, R.R. Sinclair Petroleum Consultants Ltd., is owed $50,000 by Capri) estimates that the firm has at least 29 unpaid creditors, with the largest being the Continental Bank of Canada, which has $13 million outstanding. Another creditor is Midwest Surveys and Services Ltd., to which Capri owes $18,000. Executive Vice-President Kennath Moore—a card-carrying Tory sympathetic to much of Pocklington's free-enterprise ideology—says of Pocklington, "He's running on a serious [political] platform of good managership, so let's see how he solves this." For his part, Pocklington said last week that all of Capri's creditors will eventually be paid. The funds, he said, will come from the one Capri well that proved successful. But, judging by Pocklington's own estimate that the well can only generate $700,000 a year, those payments may be difficult to provide.

Pocklington rejected suggestions that his holdings, apart from Fidelity and Capri, have been tardy in their bill payments. But judging his success with the other firms is difficult. All of them are privately held companies. When asked about their financial health, Pocklington snapped, "It's no one's business but my own."

But he is rapidly dismantling his empire. Last year he sold Westown Ford in Edmonton—one of the early foundations of his business interests—offering its creditors 75 cents on the dollar. Later he got rid of the Elgin Ford dealership in Toronto. And later this month, Pocklington claims, he will sign a deal to turn over 75 per cent of the assets of his meat-packing operation, Gainers Inc., which has been in Pocklington's stable for about 10 years. The company became the country's third-largest meat-packer in 1981 when Pocklington bought the Swift Canadian Co. Ltd., better known by its Swift Premium brand, and merged it with Gainers. Since one of the financier's sports teams, the Edmonton Drillers soccer club, folded last year, he will soon be left with only two other major holdings, the Oilers and the Trappers. If all goes according to plan, those are the only assets that Pocklington will retain.

With his political ambitions and financial record under assault, Pocklington remains defiant. Declares the entrepreneur-turned-politician: "This world seems to judge people on, 'God, if you take a gamble and you lose, Holy Lord, you're a crook,' rather than 'Thank God, people take gambles and occasionally win and occasionally lose.' That's what the free enterprise system is all about." Peter Pocklington, clearly, has arrived at that philosophy the hard way.

—IAN AUSTEN *in Toronto, with Gordon Legge in Calgary*

SPORTS

The Dream Team takes on the world

By Hal Quinn

Before a standing-room-only crowd of 2,643 partisan fans, hopes for a Canadian world champion in women's curling quickly evaporated last Friday night. In the fourth end, with the score between Canada and Norway tied 1-1, Canadian skip Penny LaRocque's last rock slowed to a halt short of its target. Norway thus scored two and went on to upset Canada 6-3 in Moose Jaw, Sask., in what Norway's skip Eva Vanvik called "the greatest thing that has ever happened to me in my life." For LaRocque it was painful. "We curled our worst game," she said. "I learned another lesson the hard way."

The LaRocque rink's quest for the world championship began last summer. After losing in the Nova Scotia playdowns last year to the eventual Canadian champion rink, skipped by Colleen Jones of Halifax, LaRocque was on the verge of quitting the game. Then she reconsidered. Along with teammates Sharon Horne, 39, Cathy Caudle, 21, and Pamela Sanford, 24, she began a summer of training sessions with a sports psychologist and yoga classes to learn breathing techniques for relaxation. "You have to let your body do it in times of stress," says LaRocque. "And if you're going to win today, you have to be doing something different from the rest of the field." The payoff came at the Canadian championships last month.

With the title on the line in the final end on the last rock, LaRocque drew to the button to defeat Cathy Shaw's Alberta rink 5-4. "All winter long the girls would tell me on the way back to the hack for an important shot that it was for the championship of the world," the new Canadian champion skip said. "One of the girls mentioned it again for that final rock, and that probably allowed me to make the shot because I'd done it a 100 times before."

The Canadians' play in the world championship was less like a storybook. After taking their first six matches, the rink lost the next two to Denmark and Switzerland. In the wake of the setbacks, LaRocque admitted, "I missed a free draw for two [points] in the ninth end and lost control of the game for us." But she recovered in time to defeat Scotland 5-4 to earn a playoff berth against Norway last Friday night. After the loss to Norway, LaRocque said, "We never did curl as well as we did when we won the Canadian championship." LaRocque and her rink now face another long summer.

The Canadian men's champions, who defend the Silver Broom world title for Canada this week in Regina, take a more traditional approach to the 400-year-old game. After earning a berth in the national final with a spectacular double takeout, skip Ed Werenich, a 35-year-old fireman from Scarborough, Ont., said, "The next time I make a double it will be in a glass with whisky all around it." Werenich skips a rink dubbed The Dream Team—including Paul Savage, 35, a four-time Ontario champion skip, John Kawaja, 21, a former Ontario junior champion, and Neil Harrison, 34, a member of Werenich's 1981 Ontario champion rink. The team played more than 120 games this season, winning almost 90 per cent of them and collecting $45,000 in prize money.

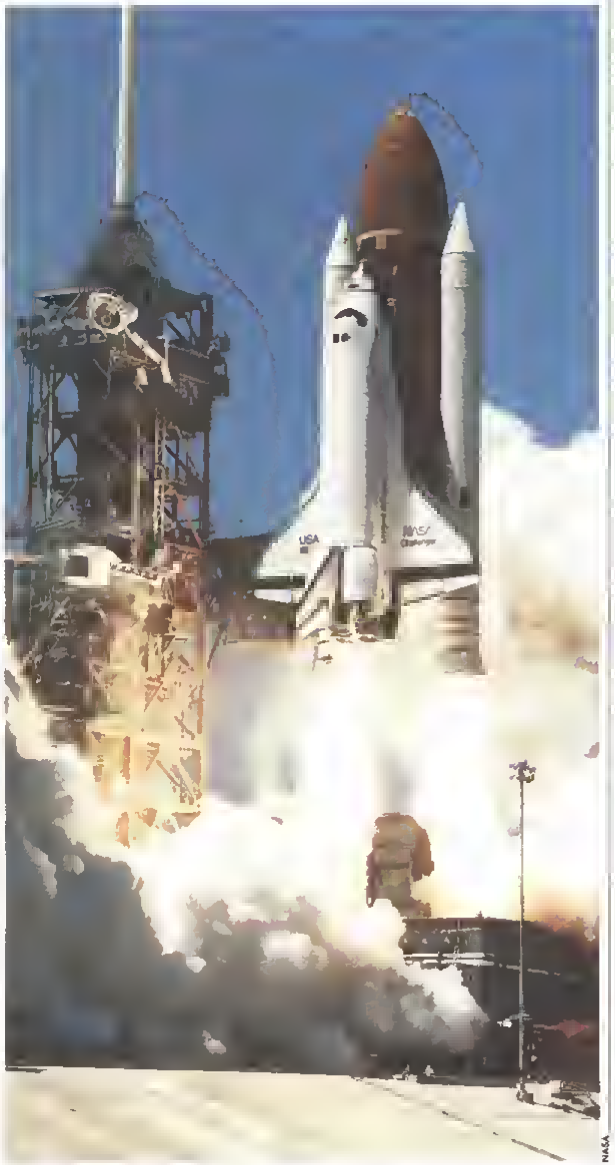
The Dream Team will have to maintain the shot-making that carried them to the championship. Werenich (pronounced Renich, thus his nickname, "the Wrench"), with his ever-present toothpick, is ably supported, particularly by vice-skip Savage, who led his own rink for 21 years. "A lot of people thought I was crazy to go back to playing vice," he said. "But I'm not interested in dealing with the pressures of skipping any more. Eddie's ability to read ice is unbelievable. I have learned things about strategy from him this year." The daring, gambling style of Werenich, if not taking his rink to the final, will certainly entertain the expected sellout crowds in Regina this week. And the skips from the other nine nations may learn what so many Canadian skips have this year. The lesson is emblazoned on Werenich's sweatshirt, DON'T MONKEY WITH THE WRENCH. LaRocque, meanwhile, will return to her home in Halifax thinking about the shot she left short Friday night, a shot she had made "100 times before."



CARROLL/UPC

Downcast LaRocque (left), Werenich the women lost, and now the men go after the Silver Broom

A close call, a happy end



NASA

Challenger lift-off: a sigh of relief

By Michael Posner

Surviving a near disaster, the space shuttle Challenger roared home last week, its maiden mission a qualified success. The five-day space voyage ended as it began—flawlessly—as Cmdr. Paul Weitz guided the four-man craft to its Saturday touchdown at Edwards Air Force Base in the California desert. But even before the astronauts had accepted the ritual round of congratulations, officials at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and the U.S. Air Force had begun their post mortems of Challenger's near failure to complete its primary mission of delivering a Tracking and Data Relay Satellite (TDRS) to its appointed orbit.

The largest (17 m, tip to tip), most expensive ($100 million) and most sophisticated satellite ever constructed, TDRS was programmed to reach a synchronous orbit over the equator. But six hours after Challenger's crew successfully launched it from the shuttle's cargo bay on Tuesday, the satellite inexplicably began to tumble, spinning aimlessly through the black void of space. At Houston's Mission Control Center engineers waged a frantic three-hour battle to regain control. They attempted to program the relay satellite to separate from thruster rockets that were apparently misfiring. From ground-based antennas around the world, officials sought to connect with the satellite—to no avail. Finally, just before the satellite rockets' battery power expired—which would have placed the TDRS out of the Earth's reach forever—the system responded, its gold-plated solar panels spread, and the errant rocket booster system was jettisoned.

"We have gone from deep depression to great confidence," said Mary Fitzpatrick, news chief at NASA headquarters in Washington, D.C. "We now believe we are going to get full use of this satellite." Beginning this week NASA engineers plan to fire the satellite's 24 thruster jets and gradually boost the device's present elliptical path to a circular trajectory 35,880 km above the Earth. Later, the space agency hopes that additional booster fire will manoeuvre the TDRS into the orbit originally planned—at a speed that will keep the satellite constantly positioned over northeastern Brazil.

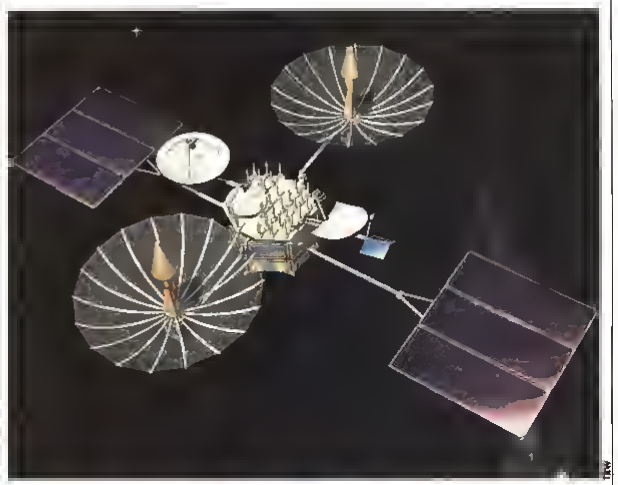
From there it will absorb and relay to a ground station in White Sands, N.M., vast quantities of data—voice, television, analogue and digital—from orbiting satellites at volumes ranging from 10,000 to 300 million bits of information per second. More importantly, the satellite dramatically expands Washington's ability to monitor the globe via satellite on a 24-hour basis. Current technology allows satellites to transmit their data to Earth stations only when they are within reach of ground antennas. Inevitably there are gaps—the world's oceans and the Soviet bloc countries—over which U.S. space stations are effectively silenced. NASA ground stations provide tracking for only 15 per cent of a typical satellite's orbit.

The TDRS, built by a privately owned consortium, California-based TWR Inc., and leased to the U.S. government for 10 years for $2.5 billion, will be a space-based messenger. In its orbit, it will be capable of simultaneously receiving data from as many as 36 orbiting satellites. In turn, TDRS could transmit to Earth in real time—not on a delayed basis—permitting the United States to monitor most satellites for 85 per cent of their orbit—vastly increasing current coverage.

In theory, the system would eliminate the need for most ground stations. But the likelihood is that they will be maintained for backup or emergency services, since, in the event of any war with the Soviet Union, the first U.S. casualty would probably be the TDRS. Concern about the fate of the satellite rubbed some lustre from the mission's space walk, the first "extravehicular" romp by U.S. astronauts in nine years. Nevertheless, space walkers Dr. Story Musgrave and Donald Peterson spent almost four hours floating in and above Challenger's cargo bay 284 km above the Earth, with only minor problems. Tethered to the craft by 15-m-long cloth-covered wires, the two astronauts conducted a range of experiments designed to test tools and procedures that later flight crews will use to service the shuttle in space. The mechanical space suit failures that forced the cancellation of a space walk by the crew of Challenger's sister ship, Columbia, last November had apparently been corrected.

But most of NASA's attention was riveted last week on the TDRS. The second satellite is scheduled for launch during Challenger's August voyage, and a third backup unit will be sent aloft late next year. TDRS is designed to be the relay station for the agency's Landsat Earth-mapping satellite (already in orbit), the Spacelab being readied for the ninth shuttle flight in late September and the complex Space Telescope in 1986. Had NASA failed last week to recover control of the satellite, it might have dealt a serious setback to the United States' space program for the 1980s. The audible sighs of relief that always greet returning astronauts were, last week at least, a little deeper than usual.

With William Lowther in Washington.



TRW

Artist's conception of TDRS in operation (above); Peterson's walk: space romp



Le Devoir joins the newspaper war



La Presse's Roy (above); and (below) Péladeau: class journalism, sex and sales

While almost all North American newspapers are struggling against recessionary tides, Montreal's French-speaking readers have faced a different, but no less unsettling possibility: losing both of the serious, authoritative voices among their current three dailies. For the past two years the influential *Le Devoir*, the middle-of-the-road *La Presse* and the unabashedly sensational tabloid, *Le Journal de Montréal*, have suffered through a period of decreased advertising revenues, stagnating or slightly decreasing circulation and increased labor and distribution costs. At times, a classic battle loomed between quality journalism and the sun-sex-and-sports formula. But in two separate incidents last week, both *Le Devoir* and *La Presse* moved to secure their positions in the market.

Le Devoir's management took an economic tack. Faced with a record deficit of $440,000, Publisher Jean-Louis Roy asked his newspaper's 34 journalists to join 26 management employees and take a 10-per-cent wage cut for nine months. The money is to be reimbursed within the next three years if the paper jumps back into the black. Roy told *Maclean's* that now is the time to boost circulation from its current 39,557 with a strong marketing push. Changes in editorial approach are also in store. Roy plans to sharpen business coverage by avoiding loose, theoretical articles in favor of hard facts. The measures are designed to further reinforce the paper's reputation as "the national newspaper of French Canada" and its founding principles of promoting French Quebec, reflecting Roman Catholic values and upholding humanitarian goals. Says Roy: "*Le Devoir* must vigorously get down to promoting itself."



At *La Presse* last week Publisher Roger Landry made it clear that he believes there are profits to be made from quality journalism. He accepted the resignation of his managing editor, Yvon Dubois, who had favored switching to a tabloid format that would allow *La Presse* to fight *Le Journal de Montréal* on its own turf—a move that many staffers feared would have affected content as well as size. Under Dubois' direction the front page of *La Presse* (circulation 192,523) often abandoned hard news coverage for splashy pictures with playful captions. Publisher Landry finally dismissed the idea of a tabloid format last Christmas, though he based his decision on marketing surveys indicating a possible loss of advertising rather than on journalists' concerns for producing a quality paper. Assuming Dubois' duties is Editor in Chief Michel Roy, a former *Le Devoir* editor known in Montreal as *le pentleman de la profession*. Roy is now preparing to build his news team and produce more Canadian, national and international news than has been customary in Montreal's French dailies. Jean Paré, publisher of the monthly magazine *L'actualité* (circulation 240,962) and author of a Quebec government report on media access to government information, said: "*La Presse* has made the right choice. Both the economic and psychological conditions are right for *La Presse*'s comeback."

Ironically, *La Presse*'s firm decision to produce a high-quality publication should give both *Le Devoir* and *Le Journal de Montréal* breathing space to improve their own efforts at the opposite ends of the spectrum. The immediate competitor for *La Presse*'s readership is the only remaining Montreal English-language daily, *The Gazette* (circulation 206,449). *Gazette* Publisher Robert McConnell says that 25 per cent of his newspaper's readers are francophones who read the paper for its coverage of stories outside Quebec.

Le Journal de Montréal, whose 315,000 circulation far outdistances its rivals, is most likely to survive the recession unscathed. Flamboyant Publisher Pierre Péladeau, who has never apologized for his newspaper's skimpy news coverage and lack of editorials, says, "A newspaper's purpose is sales." Unlike its two competitors, *Le Journal* has never suffered a costly strike. Editor in Chief Gérard Celher frankly admits, however, that the paper must rejuvenate its equipment and editorial staff in order to remain profitable.

It is clear now that the two large-format papers will continue to pursue quality and solvency equally. Thus, when *Le Devoir* meets with the union committee this week over the proposed wage rollbacks, management will no doubt turn down the journalists' expected request for more editorial control in return. Said *La Presse* Publisher Landry: "Newspapers are no different from the beans or baseball businesses. They have to be run efficiently."

—ANNE BEIRNE
in Montreal.

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ENVIRONMENT

Escaping floods in the Deep South

Herman Kirk wes lying in bed in his trailer home outeide New Orleans when, ba recalled later, "all of a sudden I felt the water coming into it." Water was aleo shoulder-deep and rising in tbe bome of Jeanna Sanders before police discovered and rescued her. In all, 70 bomeless people found shelter in the cafeteria of a local elementery school. With little advance warning of the diesster, more than 27,000 people were driven from their homes in the Deep South last week by the worst flooding in 25 years.

Torrential raine that began on April 5 pummelled southern Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Missouri and Tennessee, cutting off the one million residents of New Orleans from the rest of the etate and killing at least 10 people. As the deluge persisted late lest week, Louisiana Gov. David Treen said, "We just have to hope and pray these rivers do not get as high as we think they will." With rivers bloating to record heights, states of emergeney were declared in Mississippi and in 16 of the 64 counties in Louisiana.

The floods were the most destructive manifestation of a deadly storm that began in California on Eester Sunday. As it moved eastward, the storm brought record anow and cold to tha Rocky Mountaine and claimed seven lives. It was yet another example of the freakish westher that has plagued North America all winter and into spring. But in the southern United States, where flooding is as old as the Mississippi itself, residente at least are used to it. Said Rose Hushfield of suburban New Orleans, whoae house was flooded for the tbird time: "You get to where there are no more tears. You take it as it comes."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRIS/GAMMA LIAISON

Waterlogged New Orleans: the worst flooding in 25 years reached an estimated 40,000 homes and killed at least 10 people



CRIME

A baker falls into the mix

Gerald Francis McCall wanted to play with the big guys. To the 52-year-old Toronto baker-entrepreneur those are people "who do large deals with a few phone calls and make a lot of money." As a result, McCall briefly attempted to follow their example. Then he landed in the biggest mess of his life. He wes arrested, jailed and labelled the "Russian connection" in the media. As well, be received death threats, and his estranged wife, his son and hia daughter were distressed by the misadventure. He lost credibility, along with a lot of money and peace of mind. Indeed, the emallest penalty of all was a $1,000 fine imposed by District Court Judge Richard Williame in Alexandria, Va., on April 1. Judge Williame admonished McCall to "stick to a businese that you know how to operate."

McCall's problems began last October

A Toronto baker stumbled into an illegal deal to sell U.S. equipment to the Soviet Union and in the end was burned

when he became involved in a scheme to sell a U.S.-built, $8.5-million truck engine assembly line to the Soviet Union. At an earlier meeting the former president of McCall's Cake Shops in Toronto met Stephen G. Carter, a Chicago lawyer and international investment broker. Then, last Oct. 26, according to McCall, Carter told bim that he was trying to find a buyer for the assembly line, which could produce the equipment for the giant Kama River truck plant in the western pert of the Soviet Union. Exporting such equipment, however, wes banned in 1979 when the Soviete invaded Afghanisten and Washington discovered that trucks from tbe plant were used to transport occupying forces.

Still, McCall says that Carter asked him to check whetber or not the Soviat Trade Office in Ottewa wes interested in the assembly line. The two men agreed that if a deal could be made, McCall's fee would be 10 per cent of the sale. McCall made one call and wes told that the Soviete had no interest in the project.

McCall then made the wrong move. In

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order to maintain his potentially valuable relationship with Carter, he told him that his talks with the Soviets had been promising. A day later a man representing Arinfi, a French brokerage firm, phoned McCall at his Toronto office. He told McCall that he was connected with Carter and that he was interested in the truck engine deal. In fact, Arinfi was a dummy operation set up by U.S. customs officials who had been told of the scheme by U.S. intelligence sources.

McCall was as impressed with the Arinfi men as he had been with Carter. To that end, he also misled them about his promising Soviet connection. In all, McCall and the Arinfi representatives held 17 phone conversations, only two of which were instigated by the Torontonian. All were taped by the customs agents. One of the more sinister aspects of the fairly absurd sequence of events was the ability of the Americans to operate their sting across the border with apparent impunity.

Later, the undercover agents made a proposal to McCall and Carter to sell Canadian wheat to the Soviets. To arrange that deal, McCall and Carter flew to Washington on Jan. 28. Minutes after they landed, 14 federal agents—it was later revealed in court that they did not even have warrants—arrested McCall and Carter. McCall spent seven days in jail before his bail was reduced from $500,000 to $10,000 (U.S.).

McCall returned to Alexandria for plea bargaining in mid-February and was struck by deletions in the transcripts of the 17 telephone conversations recorded by the customs agents. Original tapes obtained by McCall's lawyer record him saying three times, "If it is illegal, I don't want anything to do with it." No such statements appeared as part of the evidence.

Carter and Paul Sakwa, an ex-CIA agent from Washington, D.C., pleaded guilty to more serious charges of violating the U.S. Export Administration Act and were each sentenced to one year's probation and 300 hours of community service work. McCall pleaded guilty to the lesser misdemeanor charge, was fined and then was instructed by the judge that if he was ever again before the court he should bring some samples of his bakery wares.

McCall says he did not fight the charge because "the publicity would have been devastating. And legal costs would have been another $30,000. I can only say I'm innocent of the charges. All I did was explore the possibilities of business deals on the telephone."

Last week McCall told *Maclean's* that the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which he has used for 27 years, had withdrawn his line of credit. At the same time, INA Insurance Co. of Canada has cancelled insurance policies on the buildings that house his bakery, and most of his bakery suppliers now demand payment in cash. BMI Capital Inc., a real estate company, has also asked him to resign from its board of directors. When he adds up his loss of income, losses on forced sales of assets to acquire cash and his legal costs, the total is $250,000. "If I didn't have money," he said, "I would be in jail and maybe for a long time."

The trial ended—at least publicly—a bizarre and complicated entanglement that has dominated the British-born baker's life since last October. After the plea bargaining began, the customs agent, John Myers, whom he had dealt with most often on the phone approached, asking for a "private conversation." Cautiously, McCall agreed, but only if his lawyers could accompany him. They met in a room in the courthouse and the agent said that "some time in the future you could possibly be of use." McCall replied, "Did I understand you right? Are you asking me to be a spy?" The agent was noncommittal, according to McCall. McCall says that he told the agent, "No thanks, I'm temperamentally not really suited to the work." Certainly not after his first exposure to the big time.

—ERNEST HILLEN *in Toronto*

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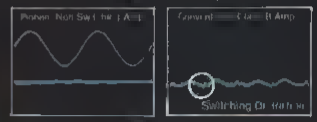
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MEDICINE

Venomous remedies

Many visitors to Champlain Valley Apiaries in Middlebury, Vt., do more than sample the clover honey. For 50 years proprietor and beekeeper Charles Mraz has been teaching a steady stream of Canadian and American arthritis sufferers how to treat their swollen, painful joints by stinging themselves with honeybees. Mraz believes that venom can provide relief from the discomfort and debilitation caused by many forms of arthritis, including rheumatoid and osteoarthritis. He says he treats roughly 300 people a year with an 80-per-cent success rate. In order to continue treatment, arthritis sufferers can either take a jar of bees home or visit local apiaries. The uses of bee venom, as well as the venoms of ants and snakes, in treating the disease have been part of worldwide medical folklore for centuries, but, for the most part, the North American medical establishment has not investigated their therapeutic properties. Says Patrick Baker, national communications director for the Canadian Arthritis Society: "To date there is absolutely no scientific evidence that has proven that any type of venom is of any value at all in terms of treatment for arthritis." But current scientific studies on ant venom, in Edmonton, and snake venom, in Salt Lake City, Utah, may add some medical weight to the alleged benefit.


ANIMALS ANIMALS

Milking for venom: an arthritis treatment?

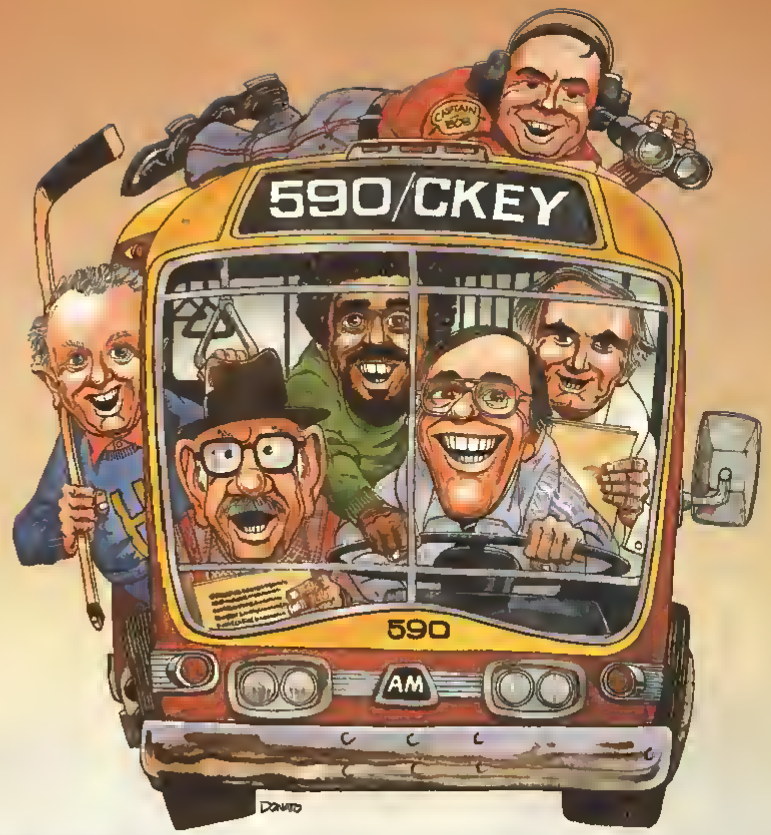
Venoms are secretions composed of enzymes and toxins. While some scientists believe that most venoms activate the human body's defence mechanism, venom proponents like Mraz believe that bee venom stimulates the adrenal gland to produce natural steroids. Yet many doctors remain skeptical. "Theoretically," says Dr. Sharon Peters, an allergy specialist at the University of Western Ontario, in London, "I cannot think of any reason on earth why bee-venom therapy should work."

But use of the venom of a South American red stinging ant, genus *Pseudomyrmex*, as a potential arthritis treatment seems to be gaining a measure of scientific respectability. Chembiomed Ltd., an Edmonton company owned by the University of Alberta, is attempting to develop a synthetic ant venom for arthritis, based on findings by Dr. Duane Schultz, an immunologist from the University of Miami. Schultz began his research after learning that natives in the Bolivian jungle who are afflicted with arthritis encourage the red ants to sting their bodies. Said Dr. Alfred Daniel, a vice-president at Chembiomed: "If the results had not been hopeful, we would not keep investing in this project."

The Venom Research Laboratory at the Veterans' Administration Medical Center in Salt Lake City has been conducting some recent experiments using snake venoms to treat osteoarthritis in dogs. Researchers say that the compounds have produced improvements in appetite and the physical activity of the animals. Said Utah researcher James Glenn: "We have had some encouraging results." But he stressed that the results are preliminary and inconclusive.

Scientists warn that many more years of rigorous testing are necessary before venom drugs to treat arthritis can be marketed. Still, renegades like Charles Mraz will no doubt continue teaching people how to treat themselves. Says Mraz: "I don't have the heart to turn them away."

—JANE MINGAY in *Toronto*



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TECHNOLOGY

Phones for faster fingers

By Shona McKay

As Edmonton lawyer-businessman Norman Simons drove the family van to work one morning last month, he picked up a telephone receiver and arranged lunch with a colleague. Then he called a client in Calgary and checked up on a business deal with a transport company in Fort McMurray. Before Simons reached his office, his secretary was able to inform him that a morning appointment had been postponed and that a report he had been waiting for was on his desk. Since February, Simons, along with 200 other Edmontonians, has been taking part in a test program started by the Alberta Government Telephone Co. last December. Simons has been conducting much of his business by means of a new technology that is just now making its way into Canada—cellular radio, a mobile telephone operating on a new high-capacity radio system. "As a businessman, I need immediate access to a telephone," says 51-year-old Simons. "With a cellular radio in my car, I have that. Cellular radio is the final answer to mobile communication."

Many others agree. Two weeks ago the federal communications department announced the list of nine telephone and seven private companies that are bidding for the two cellular radio licences available in each of 23 metropolitan areas across Canada. Equipment sales could conceivably reach $100 million by 1986, and competition is understandably fierce. Cellular technology will alleviate the congestion and poor quality that plague mobile telephone communication systems now used by at least 45,000 Canadians. Eventually, cellular radio may enable every Canadian who can afford it to have a portable phone in his car, briefcase or pocket with access around the clock to any telephone in the world. Communications experts predict that the technology could be in place by as early as 1984.

A new technology will make telephones mobile enough to be carried in cars and briefcases

The proposals before the communications department outline Canadian versions of a radio and telephone system first devised in the late 1960s in the United States and now under development in Australia, Japan and Europe. Unlike the current mobile telephone system, which uses manual operators and radio signals from one central antenna in each urban area, cellular radio telephones link up with a number of small geographic units, or "cells," each of which is equipped with a transmitter-receiver. The radio signal from a portable telephone is picked up by the nearest base unit and relayed into the existing telephone system. As the caller travels around the city, his conversation is switched from cell to cell, ensuring good quality and uninterrupted reception. Because cell radios operate at low power, the system can accommodate many conversations at the same time. In a city like Toronto, where the present mobile phone network can accommodate only 12 callers at a time, a cellular system would have the capacity to handle 2,200.

Frustrated mobile telephone owners will likely be the first to join the cellular band. "It will be the executives and businessmen who want the new technology," said Christopher Lax, a partner with the Montreal-based Cellular Canada Communications Inc., a company which has applied for cellular radio licences in 20 Canadian cities. In fact, those customers are among the few who will be able to afford the system. The cost of a hand-held radio unit is roughly $5,000, while the estimated monthly service and airtime charge is $150. Said Lloyd Kubis, group product manager for Motorola Canada Ltd., a company which, in conjunction with CNCP Telecommunications, has applied for cellular licences in each of the 23 cities: "We don't see the average consumer coming into the cellular market until prices drop below $2,000 for the hardware."



LARRY MACDOUGALL

Simons: business deals on the road

Only mass acceptance, however, will enable manufacturers of the equipment to profit from cellular technology. "The cost of setting up a cellular system is so prohibitive that at some point down the line you have to have a lot of customers to make it pay for itself," said Edward Tucker, general manager of the mobile communications branch of Alberta Government Telephone. In the United States, Motorola has spent $130 million in the past 10 years in cellular radio development. The cost of setting up a system is also high. Estimates for installing a cellular network in the 23 Canadian cities begin at $100 million. Said Tucker: "While some people are rushing off to find the pot of gold, others are waiting for them to go broke."

The difficulty of forecasting the system's future profit is, in part, responsible for the cautious approach taken by many of the existing Canadian telephone companies. Bell Canada, which had the option of establishing systems in 12 urban centres in Ontario and Quebec, has so far applied for licences only in Toronto and Montreal. "We had to ask ourselves if there would be a competitive market in Thunder Bay or Chicoutimi," said Robert Beatty, assistant director of product management for Bell Canada. "Are there enough people in these small centres who would be willing to pay $150 a month for essentially a luxury item?" Moreover, telephone companies believe that cellular radio is a new source of competition. As the technology develops, consumers may choose a Motorola telephone instead of one of Bell Canada's.

When cellular technology is fully implemented, futurists envision an epoch characterized by advances such as "roaming"—a system enabling the owner of a portable phone to link into a communications network regardless of the nature of his surroundings. And after the 1987 launch of MSat, another Canadian communications satellite under development by the federal government, mobile telephone service will reach areas that were previously too remote to be included in any land-based system. Meanwhile, in Alberta the future has already arrived. Said Norman Simons: "Cellular radio has put me in the 21st century."



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FOR THE RECORD

The summit of quartets

The *Los Angeles Times* recently hailed "the emergence of what is likely to become our next superquartet." The accolade was one of many bestowed on Canada's Orford String Quartet after a triumphal procession of concerts in California in February and March. The centrepiece of those performances was a cycle of the complete Beethoven quartets, the summit of the string quartet repertoire. For those who miss the Orford's performances at the Town Hall, St. Lawrence Centre, in Toronto this month, the complete cycle is now available on the CBC's SM ("Serious Music") recording series. Taped between 1976 and 1980, the 17 works are spread over 12 records which now can be purchased individually or in the near future as a set.

Unlike most other leading string quartets, the Orford proclaims a creed of "One in Four and Four in One." The fusion of the instruments is so intense that the music appears seamless, the product of one heart and mind. Andrew Dawes's keenly judged restraint on first violin allows Kenneth Perkins (second violin) and Terence Helmer (viola) to display the full richness of the middle parts and gives full rein to Marcel St-Cyr's excellent cello playing. (Denis Brott replaced St-Cyr in 1980, but the transplant seems to have been remarkably smooth.) Besides perfection of ensemble and balance, the four musicians lean into the music. Their playing has a fastidious cleanliness, a natural pulse and a classical poise and elegance.

Unlike the Alban Berg and Amadeus Quartets, the members of the Orford ensemble are resolutely modern, a critic in Santa Monica, Calif., wrote provocatively about their "cubist Beethoven." Like Pierre Boulez, they anatomize a piece down to its constituent parts. Often the result is rewardingly unfamiliar, such as the sterk anguish they extract from the slow movement of the first quartet of Op. 18. Once or twice, though, as in the variations of Op. 18, No. 5, they fall into the trap of overcareful preparation, failing to put sufficient flesh back onto the exposed skeleton.

In fast movements the Orford's nononsense philosophy can take the form of exhilaratingly hard driving and virtuoso speeds. The finale of Op. 59, No. 3, is so agitated that it sounds as if the hounds of hell are snapping at its feet. And the quartet can turn a meditative slow movement, as in Op. 95, into an impassioned, songlike elegy that could melt a stone. In the cryptic late quartets, which any group should approach with the awe of an actor tackling King Lear, the Orford brings the full weight of its intelligence to bear, almost leaving too few of Beethoven's enigmas for the listener to solve. Throughout the cycle the recording quality is generally high, with the exception of five records made at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, on which the sound is quite thin.

When the Toronto Beethoven cycle is over, the Orford will begin a Mozart cycle for CBC Records. Then the group will undertake a 20-city tour of Australia, New Zealand and Hong Kong and a one-week working Caribbean cruise and tours of the United States and Europe. It is time for External Affairs to make matters official and recommend the appointment of four new ambassadors-at-large: Dawes, Perkins, Helmer and Brott.

—JOHN PEARCE

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TELEVISION

The jovial bank robber

GORDON PINSENT AND THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWIN ALONZO BOYD
CTV, April 18

In the early 1950s Canada's press and the newly introduced medium of television thrived on the derring-do of a raffish gang of criminals led by Edwin Alonzo Boyd. Now television is feeding off the legend again with *Gordon Pinsent and the Life and Times of Edwin Alonzo Boyd*. As the bank robber, Gordon Pinsent exudes an impish charm that verges on the fulsome. With twinkling eyes, winsome smile and folksy speech, he seems much too convivial, the script (by Les Rose and

Gordon Pinsent's depiction of gangster Edwin Alonzo Boyd exudes an impish charm that verges on the fulsome

Barry Pearson) makes Boyd out to be a colossus of notoriety. Boyd himself never murdered or even wounded anyone. His career, compared to gangsterism in Chicago or Montreal, adds up to an often lacklustre story—although his partners in crime were apparently a bad bunch.

As shown in this made-for-television film, Boyd's upbringing was typical of one that leads a young man into the fringes, then the centre, of the underworld. His mother died when he was just 15 years old, and he was raised by a martinet father whose cronies were mostly fellow policemen and whose passion was strict law and order. After getting into minor trouble with the law, Boyd served overseas in the Second World War, then returned home to an aimless life. When several false starts as a motorman and road repairman failed to offer him the excitement he craved, Boyd decided to make a grab for the brass ring, robbing his first bank. Like salted peanuts, it was hard to stop at only one.

After his first conviction Boyd used his time in Toronto's Don Jail to join forces with Lennie Jackson, a budding robber in his own right who was missing a foot. Jackson introduced Boyd to



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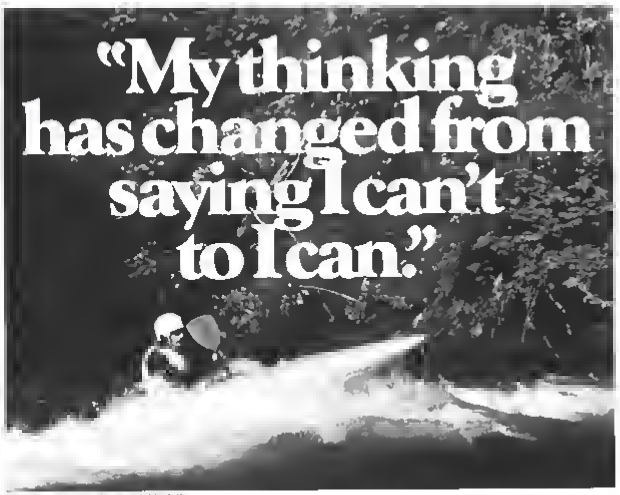


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his own gang, which had pulled heists in small Ontario towns—Willie Jackson (no relation), a cigar-chomping thug who started out rolling drunks, and Steve Suchan, a dandy with a taste for wine and women. Their sheer incompetence (some of their botched jobs were like Keystone Kops routines) makes their ultimate success hard to believe.

The Boyd gang's first daring jailbreak established them as a fertile and favorite subject for small talk across the land, if not quite Canada's sweethearts. Those murmurs turned into a full public outcry as the gang embarked on a series of lucrative robberies from 1949 to 1951. But their nemesis proved to be Edmund Tong, an Englishman known as the Chinaman because of his straight black hair and unexpected surname. A tough policeman, Tong worked Toronto's wild side (its low-life bars are atmospherically recreated, with a singer crooning *Tennessee Waltz*). The trigger-happy Suchan murdered Tong, and the gang fled to Montreal. After their capture, Suchan and Lennie Jackson were hanged. Boyd himself was sentenced to life imprisonment for bank robbery.

Edwin Alonzo Boyd dreams up a ragbag of elaborate conceits to spin its yarn. Pinsent not only impersonates Boyd; he steps out of character to narrate and comment on the action (much of the text is taken from the flamboyant criminal's own words). As Boyd, he is mustachioed, cleanshaven, he transforms back into Pinsent the narrator. And the shuttling is so fast it grows irritating. Not only that, but Pinsent lays claim to the only speaking part, as the rather vainglorious title suggests. The other robbers, and their molls and families, are present only as players in a dumb show, forming silent tableaux behind Pinsent. Curiously, the style breaks down suddenly and briefly about three-quarters of the way into the movie, when Lennie Jackson and his girlfriend break into audible panic during a shootout with police, the effect is baffling and sloppy.

Less than a riveting true-crime story, *Edwin Alonzo Boyd* is much too jovial for its theme, despite some well-staged outbreaks of much-needed action. Beyond the show's gimmickery, the story ends too soon. Boyd served only 14 years of his sentence and after parole he was given a new identity. He moved to Western Canada, where he still lives. The script also makes passing mention that he was recently cited for civic-mindedness. But something essential is lost from the story because that final irony is not dramatized. Why did a happy-go-lucky felon change so drastically? That may be unanswerable, but it would have been worth the try.

—BILL MACVICAR



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Niederleitner and Nimchuk with computer system: detecting positive lightning

SCIENCE

Computer firefighters

LARRY MACDOUGALL

For Canadian foresters the past three years have been a nightmare. In 1981 alone a virtually continuous line of fires—the worst in Canadian history—stretched from British Columbia to Quebec and destroyed 12.5 million acres of timberland worth more than $10 billion. And this year firefighters are preparing for another devastating season. But many forest rangers are pinning their hopes on a new system of computer-controlled antennas that can pinpoint lightning strikes, the main cause of timber fires, within minutes. Because lightning causes roughly 90 per cent of forest fires, the system may help firefighters to extinguish at least some of the blazes before they rage out of control. This summer's fire season in Alberta will provide the first real test for the new equipment. The province has invested $600,000 to set up the most complete and sophisticated system in the world. Says Michael Maier, science applications manager for Lightning Location Protection Inc. in Tucson, Ariz., the manufacturer of the computer system: "Alberta is the only location where the forest service has both date collection and color TV displays." He adds that, while Australian and U.S. forest services have installed the system, none are as up to date as Alberta's.

Alberta's system includes seven microcomputer-controlled antennas, called direction finders, which are scattered throughout the province. The direction finders pick up the peculiar radio wave pattern of ground-striking lightning and automatically feed information about the strength and direction of the flashes into a central computer in Edmonton. That computer combines information from a number of direction finders and uses triangulation to pinpoint the exact location of a strike. Joseph Niederleitner, head of planning for the Alberta Forest Protection Service, believes that the system will eventually replace visual patrols in aircraft and lookout towers.

The system's direction finders can not only locate lightning but also distinguish negative from positive strikes. Normal, or negative, lightning travels from the bottom of a storm cloud to rain-soaked ground below. Positive lightning, on the other hand, erupts from the top of the cloud. It can strike dry ground 30 km away from a storm cloud with three times the current and twice the duration of normal lightning—characteristics ideal for igniting forest fires. Experts like Alberta Forest Service meteorologist Nicholas Nimchuk suspect that positive lightning is the principal cause of forest fires.

Over the past three years federal and provincial governments have spent roughly $250 million annually in a largely futile fight against uncontrollable forest fires. If the new lightning-detection system survives its trial this summer, it could provide the first real breakthrough in the campaign to ease an awesomely costly annual disaster.

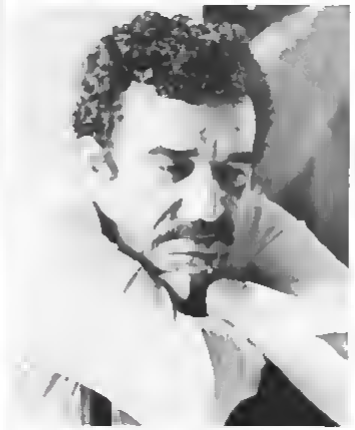
—PAUL TISDALL *in Edmonton.*

BOOKS

A coup of the imagination

CHRONICLE OF A DEATH FORETOLD
By Gabriel García Márquez, translated by Gregory Rabassa
(Random House, 120 pages, $14.25)

After the 1973 military coup that overthrew Chile's democratically elected Marxist government, Gabriel García Márquez, the left-wing author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and the winner of the 1982 Nobel Prize for literature, swore that he would not publish another novel until Chile's junta was ousted. Although García Márquez's latest novel has appeared while Gen. Augusto Pinochet continues to rule in Santiago, the writer is still observing the spirit of his vow. *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* is on one level a metaphor for the inability of Chileans to avert the political violence—the "death foretold"—which many could see was coming.



García Márquez: an abundance of meaning

But the levels of meaning in the slim volume are as varied and abundant as the flora of the South American rain forest. As well as a political analogy, *Chronicle* is the unfolding tale of a criminal investigation. It is a gorgeous splash of Latin folklore—of cooking smells, gossip, hangover cures, brushes with the fantastic and the supernatural. It is a parable of excuse-making and missed opportunity. And at the same time it is an acute analysis of what inspires people to action. On all its levels of meaning, *Chronicle* is extraordinary, well worth the years of waiting.

The opening sentence predicts the fate of an admirable, handsome young landowner named Santiago Nasar. Then the story proceeds, like Ravel's *Bolero*, along a rising line of dramatic inevitability to the crashing finale of Nasar's death throes. Throughout the book flashbacks and flash-forwards repeat the theme as the narrator, a friend of Nasar's, interviews the inhabitants of their small home town on South America's Caribbean coast to reconstruct the community's failure to forestall the murder.

On the morning after the biggest wedding ever held in the town, Nasar awakes from a nightmare that his own mother, a renowned interpreter of dreams, fails to understand. When he descends for breakfast, his servants neglect to tell him about the ominous rumor of the plot to murder him. Nasar has been accused of deflowering the bride of the day before, Angela Vicario, who had fraudulently claimed to be a virgin. Consequently, her brothers lie in wait for him with knives. Finally, as Nasar's fiancée and his mother ease their burdens of private guilt, they relive the last minutes they spent with him before the Vicario brothers carved him up.

In spite of the bloodlust of the killers, the book's most sinister figure is Angela Vicario's bridegroom, Bayardo—a mysterious stranger with golden eyes who "not only was capable of doing everything, and doing it quite well, but also had access to endless resources." The gilded Bayardo is a symbol of Yankee power, the catalyst of murder who never bloodies his own hands. But García Márquez is too subtle a writer to drain his characters' humanity for mere political allegory; in one of the book's flash-forwards the dishonored groom returns to the abandoned Angela. He is old, fat, balding—as inexorably doomed as Santiago Nasar—but ready at last to try loving her. The passaga of time transforms the town too. Passion and confusion are replaced by the understanding that the deeper tragedy that took place long ago was not the murder but something much more poisonous and universal: the impotence of good intentions in the face of brutal action.

—VAL ROSS

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A man lost in a sea of detail

HOROWITZ
By Glenn Plaskin
(Macmillan of Canada, 607 pages, $26.95)

Horowitz is haunted by the phantoms of the postrecital cocktail reception: hearsay and inconsequential murmurs. Incredibly, Glenn Plaskin's biography of the iconoclastic 78-year-old pianist is the first, and Vladimir Horowitz has not been the least bit helpful in revealing his private self to a public that can never get enough of him. The biography was not only unauthorized, but Horowitz did his best to stop the author's investigations. Plaskin, who obviously has pored over every yellowed clipping on the bounding Russian musician he could lay his hands on, has provided an Alexandrian library of research. Unfortunately, he has provided too much information and not nearly enough insight.

The reams of reviews and the copious chitchat from secondhand sources tell a great deal about what other people think of Horowitz, but not necessarily what the author thinks. Excerpts from countless reviews are cited for nearly every one of Horowitz's performances. The book cries out for condensation; the plethora of data makes its bibliography and discography almost redundant. Of Horowitz himself, the picture is both clouded and conventional—from cradle through highs and lows of an erratic career—and the man keeps gazing at the reader as if from a portrait. *Horowitz* is an irritating contradiction: an intelligent though rather dull journey through a fascinating personality's life.

Those fascinations, such as his rumored homosexual affairs and a disastrous marriage to Arturo Toscanini's daughter, Wanda, are recorded without really being dramatized. The debilitating illnesses and depressions that interrupted his career, once for a period of 12 years, are given little emotional force. The general reader, unaware of all that, will be merely tantalized by glimpses of the man surfacing now and again in a sea of details, the informed reader will be magisterially bored.

Physically, Horowitz has the grace of a greyhound, at the piano he has the furore of a hungry jackal. The best description of his soul comes not from the author but from an observer who once remarked, following a performance of the Tchaikovsky piano concerto, that the piano "lay on the platform like a slain dragon." Glenn Plaskin, for all his chivalrous efforts, is no St. George.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



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Memoranda on a soul in exile

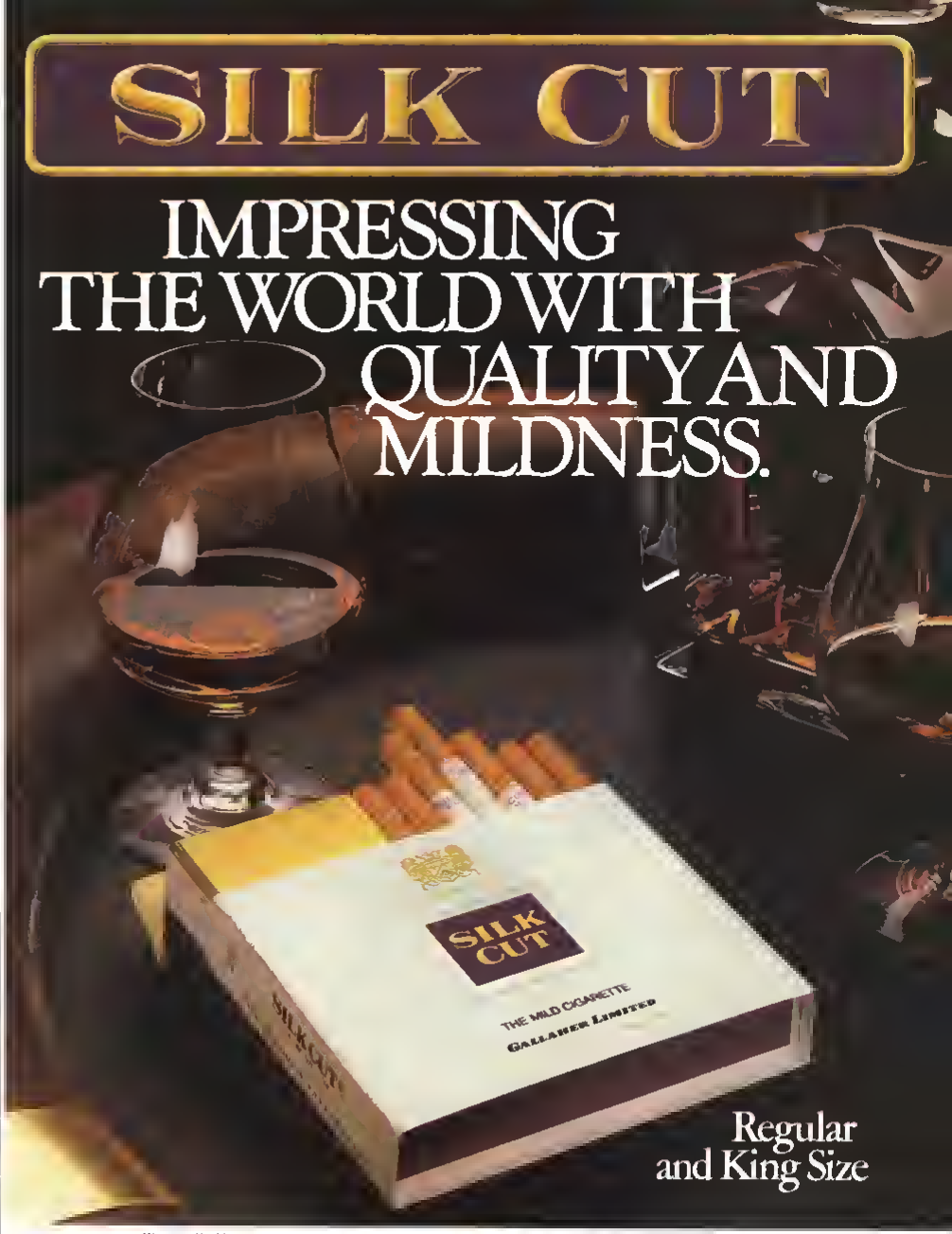
THE LONDON EMBASSY
By Paul Theroux
(Thomas Allen, 248 pages, $18.50)

Spencer Monroe Savage, Paul Theroux's fictional U S diplomatic officer, has grown more reflective and accepting in the past five years In 1977 he was serving in Ayer Hitam, Malaysia Expatriate Americans and Malaysian natives passed through his office, their tales forming the interlocking short stories in *The Consul's File* Now, Savage has been promoted to the U.S. Embassy in London, and on the surface his priorities and the technique of *The London Embassy* are the same as before

Sitting at his desk in Grosvenor Square or moving out into society, Savage comes into contact with a preposterous variety of people a conniving socialite turned real estate middleman; a baronet down on his luck, a post office underling whose secret life comes wrapped in black leather At one point Savage is speculating about a famous London-based American poet and wonders whether you are "still an exile if you occasionally flew home first class in a jumbo jet to attend a New York party."

It is a question Savage could well be asking about himself He is not precisely stranded in London, just stranded there within himself, locked by the nature of his job into a mechanical existence He and London (now "sadder, darker, stranger, narrower, newer, dirtier, more oppressive"—in short, more American) both attract and repel each other Ironically, as Savage himself becomes a little less American and a little more English each day, he realizes all the more just how thoroughly withdrawn and ill at ease he is Theroux creates a convincing portrait of a man suffering from the genuinely modern condition of wanting to be fulfilled

Logically, this book, not the 1977 collection, should be called *The Consul's File*, since the 18 stories are really memoranda with the cumulative effect of providing a dossier on their fictional author Indeed, the last story in the book—about Savage's new bride—is actually entitled *Memo*. The range of forms is wide Some of the stories are perfect set pieces, while others appear at first to be little more than episodes or anecdotes But the longer stories about complicated human relationships, moral configurations and fading passions are cunningly put together, and Theroux's easy prose hides no structural shortcuts He seems to be enjoying himself immensely, risking mawkishness but veering away just in time, or





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throwing in a creepy horror story about a Moslem extremist who steals the bones of Sir Richard Burton from their London crypt to take revenge on the explorer who violated Mecca.

Possibly, Theroux wrote *The London Embassy* partly as a respite after completing *The Mosquito Coast*, his recent success. Where the style in that novel was flashy, almost pyrotechnic, the prose in *The London Embassy* is neat, controlled and droll, the proper vehicle for the occasional epigram. "Most of the English seemed rather proud of their capacity for suffering," he writes. "It made them the world's best airline passengers, but had given them one of the world's worst airlines." The clipped diction allows him to produce some marvellously evocative and precise descriptions of London, where Theroux himself lives most of the year.

Those minitravelogues only reconfirm the reader's feeling that, despite the success of *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *The Old Patagonian Express*, Theroux's best travel writing is in his fiction. If the London of *The London Embassy* is more subtly painted than, say, the Singapore of *Saint Jack*, there is still a strong sense that the British capital now has the qualities Graham Greene used to find only in the farther-flung outposts: the feeling that the physical environment will never be as good as it once was and that the entire human race is undergoing a slow process of evolution in reverse.

—DOUG FETHERLING

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7 **The Establishment Man: A Portrait of Power,** *Newman (5)*
8 **Why We Act Like Canadians,** *Berton (7)*
9 **The One Minute Manager,** *Blanchard and Johnson (8)*
10 **Malice in Blunderland,** *Fotheringham (9)*

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Kidnie, Gilsenan, Plummer: the nation's paranoia mirrored in Oswald's brain

PHOTO: RIVOLI

THEATRE

Indicting a nation

LEE HARVEY OSWALD
By Michael Hastings
Directed by Jon Michaelson

The Warren commission was established in 1964 to determine individual innocence or guilt in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Ignoring overwhelming evidence to the contrary, it concluded that only one demented figure fired the fatal shot. But whether Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone, took part in a conspiracy or was framed, the paranoid forces at war in his brain mirrored in microcosm the state of the nation. That commonly held assumption underlies *Lee Harvey Oswald* by British playwright Michael Hastings, currently receiving its North American premiere at Toronto's Bayview Playhouse.

Written in 1966, the play appears dated in its preoccupation with factually verifying the conspiracy theories that dogged the commission's report in 1964. After a numbing historical prologue, episodes from Oswald's life during the 18 months before the murder are strung together by the tedious device of dramatizing the testimony of his Russian-born wife, Marina, played by 1982 Tony Award-winner Amanda Plummer, and that of his mother, Marguerite (Marion Gilsenan). Oswald himself, superbly etched down to the tiniest uptight twitch by James Kidnie, emerges as the prototypical assassin of a celebrity. Incapable of distinguishing between love and jealousy ("I don't breathe right when you're gone," he poignantly tells Marina) and vicariously obsessed with the lives of famous men, he is intelligent and sufficiently well-read to martial his marauding thoughts into insanely rational formations. he grandiosely interprets a dream of hair growing on teeth as the rise and decay of civilization. But Hastings has only refined the surface gold from his infinitely promising raw material, offering up tantalizing sketches instead of living tableaux.

The part of Marina is thoroughly inept. Having spoken English for only two years, she addresses the commission with the syntax and grammar of an Oxford don, but her speeches are rendered incomprehensible by grotesque Russian and Texan accents. As a character she can only react to Oswald, but Plummer almost overcomes those limitations with an intense, understated performance. "He didn't love his mother—she was not normal," Marina says of Marguerite, who warped Oswald's personality and always claimed that he was a CIA agent. Gilsenan brusquely conveys her efficient insanity without ever obscuring the love buried underneath it all. The design is excellent, with Bill Layton's gossamer sets, hauntingly lit by Tim Fort, floating maniacally on harsh concrete foundations. Nevertheless, *Lee Harvey Oswald* remains a forgettable play about the collective unconscious of a tormented nation soon to mark the 20th anniversary of an unforgettable trauma. —MARK CZARNECKI

FILMS

The mouse that roared

SUCCESS
Directed by William Richert

Originally filmed under the title *The American Success Company*, *Success* languished on the shelf at Columbia Pictures for four years until the movie's director-writer, William Richert, decided to distribute the film himself. His previous work, *Winter Kills*, which posited a variety of theories on the John F. Kennedy assassination, was [illegible] tion because of legal tangles. Though critically acclaimed, it was poorly marketed and closed after an extremely short run in 1979. Recently, Richert filmed a new ending and redistributed that film himself as well. *Success*, an amusing fable about how big business squashes identity, is not nearly as accomplished as *Winter Kills* but it has a jazzy style and a deadpan sense of humor. Richert has a wildly eclectic sensibility, and his movies deserve to be seen.

Narrated in a fairy-tale fashion by Harry Flowers (Jeff Bridges), *Success* centres around AMSUCCO (American Success Co.), a credit card corporation. Harry is a mouse of a man who has married Sarah, the pampered daughter of the boss, known as "the Princess." Harry dutifully goes to the office with Dad (Ned Beatty) while the Princess (Belinda Bauer) stays at home, charmed by her own reflection in mirrors. "I wasn't the only one who couldn't take his eyes off Sarah," Harry says. "She couldn't either." To edge into his wife's mirrors—and pull off a big heist at AMSUCCO—he adopts a new identity as a punk. He assumes an unusually sexy limp, an equally sexy scar over one eye, and he learns technique at the hands of a prostitute (Bianca Jagger). Women, including his wife, are soon clinging to Harry's pant legs, and the mouse begins to roar.

Success is too firmly rooted in fable to be approached as a satire of greed and sexual repression. There is something minor-league about its off-the-cuff tone, especially when compared to the pyrotechnics and momentum of *Winter Kills*. Richert sustains the film as best he can, but the fairy tale has little emotional density. *Success* is inconsequentially witty, and Richert is merely twiddling his thumbs. He is too interesting a director to be doing just that.
—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE





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COLUMN

Sweating all the way to Peking



By Allan Fotheringham

The best news we have had for some time is that *The Globe and Mail* is sending its clever and astringent sports columnist, Allen Abel, to Peking as its next China correspondent. By "we" I mean those of us who are in the privileged enclave known as geriatric jocks. We know it's an inspired assignment because all the great ones come from the sporting section. This good, grey *Globe*, of course, has rather a reputation for eccentricity in its picking of fresh-faced tyros sent off to decipher the inscrutable face of the Middle Kingdom. The editor a few years back boggled his colleagues by shipping to China the paper's ballet critic, John Fraser. All that resulted was a torrent of delightful copy and a best-selling book (Fraser, for his sins, has now disappeared into the bureaucracy of the newsdesk, a terrible fate for a man who, thanks to his university days in St. John's, is the only deliciously bitchy Newfie I have ever met.)



ROY PETERSON

It's a little-known fact, privy only to those of us who type, but the cream of journalism is populated by types who got their start sitting around lacrosse dressing rooms, listening to the beer caps pop. Before the accountants and computer boffins took over, most managing editors and publishers came into their stations with the whiff of old sweat sock still lingering on their new three-piece suits. Cast a glance at the curriculum vitae of most any scribbler of note and you will find that he started it all at space rates, covering the local midget hockey tournament. From Paul Gallico to Mr. Hemingway to Scott Young (Robert Fulford, if you can believe it, started in sports), the lists are sprinkled with graduates of the press box. Scotty Reston, arguably the single most influential political columnist in the world from his platform at *The New York Times*, was once the press agent for the Cincinnati Reds. You can look it up.

The reason why sportswriters rise to the top is quite simple. They are born enthusiastic. The reason they go into the scribbling trade in the first place is because they lust to be close to the action, their heroes and the game that fascinates them. It doesn't really matter if they are failed athletes themselves (hello there, mother) or are just slobbering acolytes. Their passion pushes them. They would cover the jocks for nothing, the mere proximity to the demigods reward enough. They *care*. Compare this with your average young reporter going into straight (i.e. boring) reporting. One cannot really convince me that one is *born* with an innate desire to learn more about sewer bylaws at city hall or lies awake at night atingle with the next development in the Law of the Sea conferences.

Eventually, sportswriters grow bored with their ceiling (hello there, boss) and drift upward, levitated by the smarm they have learned by consorting with millionaire club owners and low-IQ plutocrats who have been made rich by their ability to discern a curve ball. There is a logical reason why so many graduates of jockdom wander into political reporting. It is the only other game in town where there is *suspense*. Sportswriters are essentially curious types, with low attention spans, and so much of life is so, when you get down to it, wretchedly dull, so predictable. The only thing that makes sports and politics so attractive is that they are two of the few areas in life where the result is unpredictable. It's why bread and circuses were the opiates of the Romans: there was always a faint chance that the Christians might win. It's why the working slob likes his hockey or football games. For 2½ hours of his life the result is in suspension, frozen in aspic, one portion of a dull, predictable existence held aloof from certainty.

It's why an interesting politician is usually a sports trivia freak; he recognizes the drama and essential ludicrous toss-of-the-dice mutuality of interests. (It's why Pierre Trudeau, bored with the trivia of sports, is not an interesting politician. He's an interesting person but not an interesting politician.)

The other reason sportswriters rise to the top of their dubious trade is that they use their eyes. The reason newspapers are dying (if you really want to know) is that a picture is not really worth a thousand words. Newspapers have abdicated to television by raising a generation of reporters who act as if they were equipped with only ears and no eyes. The worst thing that ever happened to newspapering was the tape recorder. Reporters go to press conferences and mentally go to lunch, leaving the rest to Sony. Newspapers were actually better (if you really want to know) before the telephone was invented. The ink-stained wretches were then forced to go outside the office and meet real people, a heresy in the current newsroom where Mother Bell is the real city editor.

Most reporters, being shy egomaniacs, tend to shun the social hustle and use the phone as their security blanket. It is their own version of aural sex. The scribe who is going to succeed is the one who is never in the office, the one who is out on the rumble talking to nonnewspapermen.

Sportswriters have the advantage of meeting, early on, the scam artists of the playground, whose only gift is quick reflexes, and the scam artists of the countinghouse, who play Scrabble with sports franchises. This equips them admirably for introduction in later life to both types to be found in politics, the silver locks and silver voice concealing a vacuous brain on the one hand, the artful grifter on the other, who survives by working the scams and perfecting the bump-and-run. Stick with the jocks, I say. Peking had better be prepared.

The lesson endeth.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.



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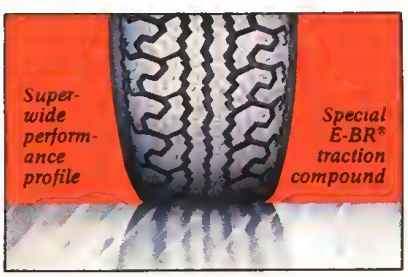
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